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THE UNKNOWN NORTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

What are those opalescent fires
Of ever-varying hue and form
That dance around the Northern Pole,
And make the very ice seem warm?

Now like a mighty rainbow, bent
From east to west, their wings are spread;
Now breaking ranks, in flies they march,
Like ghosts of armies long since dead.

Anon, a ruddy glow up-leaps
And shoots its crimson high and higher,
Foretokening that final day
When all the earth shall reek in fire.

What if beyond the towering ice
A tropic land may glow and burn—
A land where men by thousands come,
But whence no man can e'er return?

Brave ships have left the marts of trade,
And rich the human freight they bore;
They sailed away 'mid glad farewells,
And no man ever saw them more.

What if those ships, all rent by storm,
Caught in the ocean stream, were hurled
Beyond the icy chain, and sailed
The mild seas of this unknown world?

What if our friends, in Heaven's care,
There live and die in happy homes,
Secure in all the earth can give,
And ready when the summons comes?

What if this be the Eden where
Our parents sinned and met their fate?
What if this North-light be the sword
The angel waves before the gate?

We cannot tell: but still the brain
Its fancy keeps, and still the hand,
By science armed, is striving hard
To reach that strange, mysterious land.

Nor ever are the Northern fires
Seen dancing round the Greater Bear,
But we remind us of the lost,
And wonder if they're living there.

FAIR AS A STAR;
OR,
LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "The Cost of Conquest," "A Wife's Revenge," Etc., Etc.

"It is a pity," Mr. Banton said to his wife, when she told him of Willie's disappointment. "Stranger though she is, I believe it would have been the making of the lad to marry her. She'd have kept him well in hand, and that's what he wants; however, if she won't she won't, and there's an end of it."

Not quite an end of it, as it turned out, for, after two or three days of sulky moping and general unpleasantness, Willie Banton announced that life was a burden, and New York hateful to him, and that he should go away.

"Where to?" asked his mother, aghast at the idea.

"Oh, I don't know! Anywhere!" was the response. "I shall *die* if I stay here. I cannot bear it."

"You'll die anywhere," his father said shortly, "if you mope and idle away your time as you're doing now. I don't want to be hard upon you, lad; but at one-and-twenty you ought to be up and doing, instead of hanging round, waiting for a woman to change her mind. She won't do it. Take her own advice, and forget her."

"I can't."

"Then get to work, and drive her out of your head that way."

"Give me something to do. Start me in some way, and I'll try."

Mr. Banton sighed. He had already started his changeable son in a good many ways, always to have him come back weary of what had been chosen, and it was with something of relief that he heard Willie's own suggestion.

"Give me my passage-money to Australia, and I'll go and try the bush with Uncle Goldburn, if he'll have me."

Mrs. Banton burst into tears and lamentations at the idea; but her husband looked at it with more favorable eyes. Sooner or later the lad was sure to leave them. Would it not be better to let him go now than wait for him, perhaps, to get into some awkward scrape, and be obliged to go?

He could see what a fatal effect their spoiling had had upon him, and he was inclined to think that to throw him on his resources, make him think and act for himself, was the very best thing that could be done. So the matter was settled. Willie was to go, with a sufficient sum of money to take him to his uncle, and a letter of introduction sufficient to insure him a welcome. Mr. Goldburn had often expressed a wish to have him out in Australia with him, but his mother could not make up her mind to let him go.

Helen Pomfrey wondered during the next few days what made Mrs. Banton's face look so drawn and pinched, and why her lips were always set hard, as though she were striving hard to keep down her tears. She little dreamed of the pain at the mother's heart, or how blank the future looked to the good soul as she went about the preparations for Willie's departure with a loving care that overmastered her grief.

There was a new piece in preparation at the theatre, and everybody was kept very busy, so that Helen scarcely knew what was going on at home; and it was not until Willie, in traveling away, entered her room to bid her good-bye that she had any idea of what was going on.

"Good-bye!" she said in amazement. "Why, where are you going, Willie?"

"To Australia, Miss Pomfrey!"

"To *where?*"

"To Australia. To my uncle. You've heard my mother speak of her brother out there?"

"Oh, yes. But why are you going now? It is very sudden, is it not? I never heard a word of it."

"Yes, it *is* sudden. I could not stay at home. I am going to try and forget *you*, if I can. To die, maybe, if I can't."

"But that is not driving you away, surely?" she said aghast. "You are not going on account of *me?*"

"Just that, and nothing else, Miss Pomfrey. Shake hands with me before I go."

"But it must not be, Willie! It shall not! Your mother shall not lose her son through me! Oh, why was I not told? It will break her heart, poor darling!"

"I guess it's too late to alter anything now," he said somewhat sadly. "There's my father calling me. I must go. Say good-bye, and wish me God-speed. We may never see each other again, you know."

She gave him her hands, but he took her in his arms and kissed her passionately—he did love her with all his boyish heart—and then put her gently in a chair, and went away. She heard the rattle of wheels as he and his father drove off in a hack, and then she bowed her head upon her hands and wept bitter, remorseful tears. Not for herself, nor Willie, but for the patient mother, whose sorrow she could guess, and whom she hardly liked to go near in her loneliness.

But Mrs. Banton came to her, and found her crying, and they wept together, and grew calmer presently, as the hours passed by.

"Why did you not tell me?" Helen asked.

"It was no use, my dear. It is better as it is."

"No, it is not. I would have gone away, and you could have kept your boy. What have I done that I should bring this misery upon you, who are so kind to me?"

"My dear, the sorrow of this parting would have come before long, anyhow. I hope and believe it is for the best. My brother will help to make a man of Willie, and he will go straight to Nic Nic Gap."

But, as the reader already knows, Mr. William Banton did nothing of the sort, and at the end of a year was in as deplorable a plight as could well be conceived. It was well his mother could not see him, or the place that served him as a temporary refuge, or she would have been wellnigh heartbroken. Harry Parkes' saloon was not remarkable either for cleanliness or good order, and the brightness and neatness of his far-distant home seemed like a glimpse of Paradise in comparison. Many were the resolutions he made of future care and good behavior while he was waiting for a reply to his letter to his uncle, and he looked at the photographs he carried in an old pocketbook with more of loving reverence than he had ever felt for them before. He had learned the value of his parents now, as we all learn the value of our blessings, too late.

Mr. Parkes came upon him one day with these mementoes in his hands.

"Sentimental?" he said. "Down in the mouth, eh? Saying soft nothings to the portrait of your sweetheart? It don't pay. It only makes a fellow insensible."

"I was looking at my mother's face," replied the young man. "I think it pays not to forget one's mother."

"Can't say. Mine died when I was a baby; so I never knew what it was to have one. So did my father. Is this your governor?"

"Yes!"

"Ah, fine old party. Rather prim. And this is the *mater*, I suppose?"

"Yes. That is my mother."

"Ah! It's easy to see where you get your good looks from, young fellow. And this is your sister, I suppose? Good Heaven!"

"What is the matter?"

"This portrait! Who is it? Am I mad or dreaming, I wonder, or has the thing taken some awful shape not its own?"

"I don't think it's very awful!" said Willie Banton, rescuing it, for Mr. Parkes was crushing it between his fingers unconsciously. "It's not my sister, though I don't know why you ask."

"Who is it, then? Speak, for mercy's sake! Where did you get it? Is she alive?"

"Alive! I hope so. It's Miss Pomfrey. I told you about her—the—the young lady, you know."

"The siren who sent you away from home?"

"Yes!"

"And that is her portrait?"

"Yes; and a very good one, too. I stole it out of my mother's album."

"Impossible! There must be some mistake!"

"No, there is not. That's Helen Pomfrey—a beautiful creature she is, too. The loveliest woman I ever saw in my life."

CHAPTER XII.—THE STORY OF A GRIEF.

She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, becomes a part of sight,
And rose where'er I turned my eye—
The morning star of memory.—BYRON.

"Of course, my dear boy," Harry Parkes said, "you were in love with her. She is as lovely as an angel to you, doubtless."

"I am in love with her. I shall be as long as I have a heart to love anyone. And she is lovely. You would say so if you could see her."

"Aye, if I could," Parkes replied, with an odd look and a slight shiver. "But if it is the original of that portrait you are in love with, you are enamored of a ghost, that's all."

"A ghost!"

"Yes."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that that woman is dead—has been dead longer than I have known you. She was murdered."

"Murdered!"

Unconsciously, Willie Banton echoed the awe-stricken tone in which Henry Parkes had spoken. It was such a strange thing to hear, and the man himself seemed so deeply moved as he said the words.

"Yes," he replied, with a far-away look in his eyes, as though his mind had gone back to some former event in his life. "She was dragged out of the Thames one Winter-day, with her head all beaten in—a dreadful wreck of herself. That is her likeness. It is younger, fairer, brighter than she had looked for a long time, but there is no mistaking it."

"Helen Pomfrey is no ghost—I'll take my oath of that," the young man said, "and she never had her face beaten in—her beauty is without a blemish. You have made a mistake, Parkes, though I don't believe there could be another face like hers in the world."

"Perhaps I have," the other replied, his usual careless look coming back to his face. "Helen Pomfrey! By Jove! I wish you'd give me that carte, Banton."

"Give it you! Give you the only memento I have of her! Not for anything you could offer me. What do you think I am made of?"

"Of as pliable stuff as any young fellow on the face of the earth. Some day you'll have met the right woman—the affinity prescribed for you by the destinies which bring people together—and then I shall be welcome to that little picture. You'll wonder then what you could ever have seen in Miss Pomfrey, and fall into raptures over someone else's carte."

"When that time comes you shall have it," Willie replied; "but you'll have to bury me first."

Henry Parkes laughed, and said no more; but Willie heard him talking to himself in a perplexed tone after the saloon was shut up for the night.

"Helen Pomfrey!" he heard him say, "and in New York! But how the deuce did she come there, and what infernal jugglery could have been going on that night? I've made no mistake. I could swear to her face anywhere."

He asked for another look at the picture the next day, and remarked in a careless sort of fashion that he had made a mistake—the likeness was not near so startling when it was looked into; but he was very silent and thoughtful for several hours afterwards.

That night's post brought Willie Banton's letter from his uncle, couched in such kindly terms that it made him wish he had gone straight to him on landing in Australia. But he was not to go to Nic-Nic Gap. He was to wait his uncle's arrival in Melbourne. Mr. Goldburn had wearied of his squatter's life, and sold his property in the bush at a tremendous profit. A vein of copper had been discovered on a bit of barren land belonging to him, and the Government had bought the estate at a capital price.

"I don't quite know what my plans for the future will be," he wrote; "but, whatever they are, my dear sister's son shall have the first place in them. Till I got your letter I had made up my mind to go straight across the sea, and have a look at your mother and her household. I am not sure that I shan't do that now, but we will talk matters over when we meet. I shall look about me a little; for, though I have been in Australia so long I have seen very little of it. Melbourne and Sydney have grown from scanty villages to big towns since I came here, and I have never seen Ballarat. I expect you will be able to pilot me about, and the friend you speak of will doubtless know of some honest place where I can put up. I can't say to a day when I shall reach Melbourne, but think I am due there on Monday morning if the steamer keeps her time."

Graham Goldburn was thoroughly countrified in his notions, evidently, and Henry Parkes pondered long over the letter, which his young friend gave him to read.

"There's a rural simplicity about it that's refreshing," he said. "Fancy a man of his years having seen nothing of the towns in this country. He'll find them pretty much like the towns anywhere else, I'm thinking. I guess you and I could show him a thing or two."

"I hope he won't get into mischief and get robbed," said Willie. "I could just fancy him carrying all his money about with him, and showing it like the donkeys we read about in the newspapers sometimes. This letter has such a pastoral flavor about it."

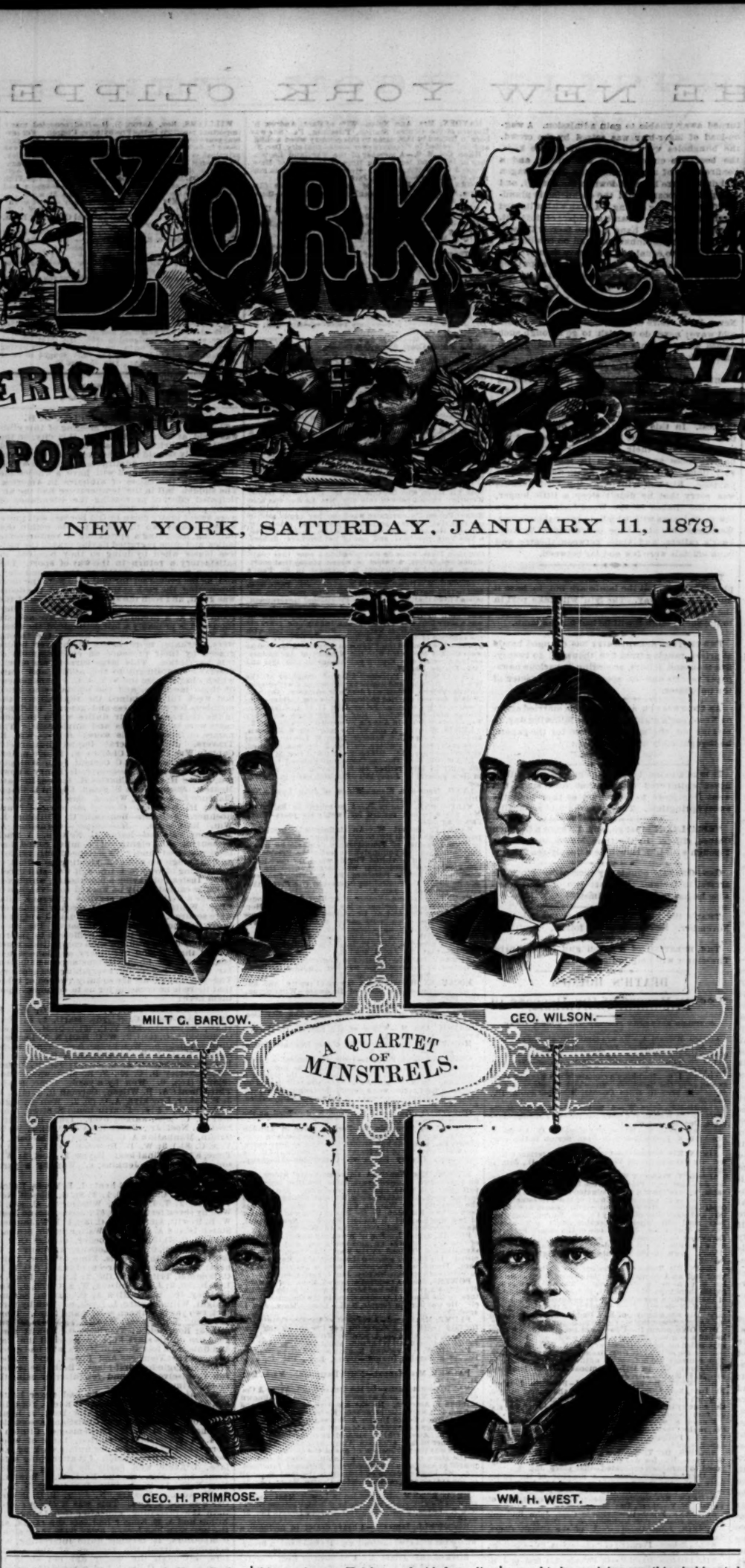
"He's wide-awake, depend upon it, or he wouldn't have made so much," Mr. Parkes said; but he revolved a plan in his mind for getting some of it, however wide-awake Mr. Goldburn might prove to be.

There was nothing by any means simple or pastoral in his appearance when, a few days later, he walked into the saloon and inquired for his nephew. He was a tall, well-made man, about the same height and build as Henry Parkes, and with eyes that resembled his in color, but nothing else. He greeted his nephew most cordially, accepted him as his mother's son the instant he looked in his face, and declared he needed no other credentials than the likeness to the sister he had never forgotten.

"I could almost fancy I see Jeannie standing before me," he said. "It is like a slice of my old life come back to me."

He was very cordial to Henry Parkes, who for some reason of his own put forth all his powers of pleasing, and took the stranger's fancy at once. The three adjourned to the best hotel in Melbourne, where the traveler took up his quarters, and over a late dinner Graham Goldburn told them of what he had done and what he meant to do.

"I had no ties at Nic-Nic Gap," he said, "and the offer was too good to be refused. Of course I was sorry to leave the place, but I had nothing to bind me to it, not even a grave!"



A slight sigh as he spoke made Henry Parkes ask him a question.

"You were never married, then, Mr. Goldburn?"

"Never!"

"I should have thought life on an Australian farm somewhat difficult without a woman to look after things indoors."

"Oh, I had several, mostly black. The supreme head of my household was a lady who called herself Yarramorroo, or something as near that as I can pronounce it. I never tried what life there would be with a wife. Providence willed it otherwise."

"You have known sorrow, I can hear by your tone!"

"Sorrow! Yes—such sorrow as blights the life and sears the heart in one single moment—the sorrow that shuts the door upon youth and hope forever with a touch, and sprinkles the head with gray in the agony of its passing. The world goes on, and we live after such griefs, and we wonder as the years fly by how it is that we still breathe and move amongst our fellows."

"I am afraid I have pained you by my remark," Mr. Parkes said, aghast.

"No," was the quiet reply; "the pain is past. I went to Nic-Nic Gap with my heart full of hope. Someone was waiting for me to make a home for her, and if you have ever loved you can understand how I toiled to attain that end. She was a governess, and went with her family to Melbourne, so that we could not see each other. The home was ready at last, and I went to Sydney to meet the steamer that was bringing my darling to me. Six months before I had held her in my arms and kissed her sweet face, vowing that the parting was our last; and so it was. She was coming to me now to leave me no more. We were to be married the next day, and go to begin our new life at the gap after a day or two in the town. The day she was to come in was the day of the great storm, which will be remembered as *the* storm till Heaven sends one more terrible in its ravages, and I saw the ship that held my bride go down within sight of pitying human eyes without hope or help."

"Saw it! O uncle!" ejaculated Willie Banton.

"Yes, lad—saw it. Sydney Harbor was not what it is now; but, even if it had been, no ship could have got in through that awful tumult of wind and sea. The tempest was so sudden, so violent, that ships were driven like nutshells on the water. Scarcely a ship outside weathered the storm; but the Racoon went down with every soul on board. I cannot go to the spot of earth where my love lies buried. The whole wide ocean seems like a grave to me!"

"You never told my mother, did you, sir?"

"What was the use, lad? I meant to write and tell her when she had a sister. We would have sent a joint letter, and she would have loved my Alice if they had ever met. It was no use to tell her of my troubles when she could not help me. They are long past now, or I could not speak of them so calmly. It will be better for you, youngster, that I have no ties of my own!"

"I'm sorry you haven't, for your own sake," the lad said warmly, and then the conversation was turned to other subjects.

They learned from Graham Goldburn that everything belonging to him that was not sold was at a depot in the city, waiting for him to claim it when he should go away. He had attended to its storage, and taken out a receipt for it, and now he felt himself a free man, and was ready to go about with his nephew and see all there was to be seen.

"I particularly want to go to Ballarat," he said. "I made a suggestion to a friend of mine—or rather an acquaintance—about some machinery, and I should like to see if he has adopted it. Besides, I want to see the *modus operandi* of gold-digging."

"I should very much like to go with you," Henry Parkes said. "I want to go over to Ballarat myself, and I might be of some service. I know every inch of the place, and all its ways and customs, and I might save you from being fleeced. It's not a heaven of purity, I can assure you."

"No, it's rather akin to the other place, I have heard," Mr. Goldburn said. "Come with us, by all means. We shall be very glad!"

"You mustn't look for accommodation like this, you know. Hotels are of a kind peculiar to the place, and linen is considered superfluous in most of them, or made to serve a double purpose."

"Ah, you're routed out of bed when you have such a luxury as a sheet when they want to lay the table for breakfast, I suppose?" the squatter said with a laugh. "I shan't be particular. I insisted on sheets at my own place, and that they should be regularly washed. I've had to pitch the old woman, linen and all, into the river many a time before I could get them done; but table-linen was too much for her nerves, so I'm not particular in that respect."

Willie Banton had a shrewd suspicion that his uncle did carry his money about with him, in spite of Henry Parkes' expressed opinion on the subject, and he felt rather uncomfortable about it. He did not tell his companion his fears. Somehow, he thought it would be better not. He had a vague misgiving about this expedition to Ballarat. He wished—he scarcely knew why—that his uncle had gone with him alone, or even by himself. He could not put his thoughts into shape. The presentiment was vague, but it made him feel uncomfortable.

He had never seen Henry Parkes make himself so agreeable, or look so like a gentleman, as he contrived to do now. He seemed bent upon doing his utmost to please and attract his new acquaintance, and he succeeded marvelously. Mr. Golburn was charmed; but the more intimate he grew with him the more his nephew mistrusted him. A trivial circumstance helped to foster this mistrust, and to make the young man feel that it would be a relief when his wealthy uncle was out of reach of the plausible Englishman. They were lounging about the front of the hotel, waiting for Mr. Goldburn, when a cab drove up covered with luggage, and an elderly man, clean-shaven and weary-looking, got out. Henry Parkes stared at him for a moment, and then muttered, under his breath:

"Old Burt, by Jove!"

The gentleman on his part seemed equally amazed, and, staring at him with astonishment, gasped out:

"Hugh Pierrepoint! Here!"

Henry Parkes turned very pale, but made no denial of the name. He only lifted his hat with a slight smile.

"That is not my name at the Antipodes," he said. "No one would know who you meant if you asked for me by it."

"I can imagine your having various names," said the actor coldly. "I am not likely to ask for you under any of them."

"Confound it!" said Henry Parkes as Mr. Burt disappeared into the hotel. "I forgot that I had seen him announced at the Royal. It will make things a good deal more difficult!"

CHAPTER XIII.—AT THE DIGGINGS.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downwards
From an eagle in its flight.—LONGFELLOW.

Willie Banton looked at his friend in astonishment. He had seldom seen such a perturbed look upon his face.

"Do you know him?" he asked.

"Yes, confound him, I do!"

"He called you Hugh Pierrepoint."

"He knew me by that name. When you've knocked about the world as much as I have, young fellow, you'll know that it's handy to lay your name down sometimes."

He seemed very much put about by this meeting with Mr. Burt, who, on his part, thought nothing of him. The sight of him brought up sad memories in the kindly actor's heart, and brought back, with a painful vividness, the sad time when Ginevra Pierrepoint had gone amissing, and the awful finding of her corpse. He had hoped that he should never look upon her husband's face again, and it was a disagreeable shock to come thus face to face with him once more. He had come to Australia to play an engagement on very lucrative terms. His health had been somewhat broken, and his doctors had recommended him a voyage, which, indeed, had quite restored him.

Henry Parkes was somewhat distrait during the rest of the day, and hardly the bright cicerone Graham Goldburn had anticipated. He seemed to be revolving something in his mind, and Willie wondered more than once what could be the meaning of the half-spoken words he had caught about Mr. Burt's coming making things "more difficult." What could he have to do with Mr. Parkes and his affairs? They met him once or twice in their walks, and stayed in Melbourne to see him act before they went off to Ballarat.

They found that curious place as full of dirt, riot and gold-finding as it had been described to them, and not a bed to be had anywhere. The man Mr. Goldburn wanted to see was not there, having gone off with a party on a secret tour of inspection to a place where they had heard of gold as yet untouched. His chum was taking care of their joint dwelling, and offered to give it up to these visitors if they cared to stay.

"You can't get back to Melbourne to-night, any way," he said; "and it's a better shelter than any you'll get at the hotels, as they call them. You'll have fresh air and cleanliness, any way, and you'll get neither down yonder."

"But where will *you* go?" asked Graham Goldburn, rather enjoying the notion.

"Oh, I know of half a dozen places where I can get in," was the reply. "You're welcome to the hut and all in it while you stay."

They liked the novelty of the thing so much, and there was so much to be seen in Ballarat, that they remained a second night, intending to return to Melbourne the next day, Graham Goldburn proposing then to settle down for a little while and make arrangements about his future. He seemed curiously undecided what to do, and rather restless about his money, which he carried in a belt under his clothes. He had the distrust in banks and secure places for keeping cash which afflicts some otherwise sensible people; and, hitherto, no harm had come of his folly.

The second night of their stay in the digger's hut was beautifully fine and clear, and Graham Goldburn and Henry Parkes strolled out amongst the huts to look at the curious, wild scene they presented at night. Ballarat is a very different place now; but then it was an odd mixture of savagery and civilization. Camp-fires blazed, and men watched by turns, lest any of the desperadoes—and there were plenty about—should steal their hoards of gold before they could be transmitted to a place of safety. Willie remained in the hut. He was not feeling well. A listless languor was oppressing him, very foreign to his usual state of feeling, and he could hardly hold his head up.

"I feel more like going to bed," he said. "I'm dead beat."

"All right, my boy," his uncle said. "We'll leave you to your slumbers. I declare the young folks are easier knocked up than the old ones, nowadays."

"I'll leave my watch here," Henry Parkes said. "Put it in your pocket, lad; and this, there isn't much in it, but, bedad, it's all I'm worth. Take care of my wealth for me till I come back."

"You seem afraid of coming to grief," said Mr. Golburn, as Willie took the purse and pocketbook and bestowed them about his person.

"I'm not afraid, exactly; but Ballarat pickpockets are as handy with their fingers as the London fraternity, and policemen aint quite as plentiful here as at home. I'd advise you to do the same."

"My watch is a respectable old turnip, of not much use to a thief," was the reply; "and it would puzzle a pickpocket to find any money on me except a little loose in my pocket. I shan't suffer. Come along. And pleasant dreams to you, youngster."

"Here, have a mouthful of this before we go," Henry Parkes said, pulling a flask-bottle out of his pocket, and offering it to the young man. "You look all abroad."

"I feel so."

"Then take a good pull; it will send you off to sleep. It's pretty good, I think, though I did buy it up yonder."

The liquor was strong and fiery. Willie was hardly enough of a judge to know whether it was good or not; but he took the pull as he was bid, as he would have taken anything just then to make him go soundly asleep. He was feeling so strangely out of sorts.

"That lad looks as if he were going to have a fever or something," Mr. Parkes remarked to his companion as they walked away.

"I hope he isn't. I shouldn't like to have him laid up on my hands just now. Are there any doctors in this curious place, I wonder?"

"I don't think there's a profession in the world that isn't represented among the diggers. I dare say you could find a dozen if you wanted them."

"Well, I hope I shan't; but, really, the lad looks ill."

Willie Banton, left alone in the hut, was conscious of nothing but the whole place swimming round with him, and of presently sinking into utter oblivion that was like death in its complete prostration. Some hours later the owner of the hut looked in.

"Anything I can do for you, mates?" he asked.

There was no reply, and he stood in the doorway a minute, astonished at the aspect of the place. There had been a struggle evidently. The rude table and stools were overturned, and a broken bottle lay on the hearth. In the midst of the confusion, Willie Banton lay face downwards on the ground.

"Drunk, by Jove!" muttered the man. "But where are the other two?"

He pulled the unconscious sleeper over, and started back aghast. The young man's clothes were all torn and disordered, and there were blood about his hands, and splashes of it on his clothes and face. Right under him as he lay was the fragment of a man's shirt of a curious pattern of printed flannel. It was stained with blood, and newly torn away.

"That's the other fellow's—the dark one's," the man said to himself. "I remember it. There's been foul play here. Wake up, youngster, and tell us what's up!"

But no shaking would wake Willie Banton. If he was drunk, he was very drunk indeed, and the miner tumbled him on his bed and let him lie. Telling what he had seen, there was soon a crowd around the hut, and all sorts of conjectures were indulged in as to what could have happened. Nothing could be found out till the two men came back, and in the meantime it was only too evident that Willie Banton was very ill. As Henry Parkes had said, there were plenty of doctors in Ballarat, and one was soon brought to him. He was rather puzzled to know what ailed him. He was roused from his heavy sleep; but only to stare wildly about him, and rave of thieves, and money, and being murdered for gold, in a way that made those who heard him look at one another and shake their heads curiously.

The charge of Henry Parkes' pocketbook and watch were on his mind, but nobody knew that they had been given into his keeping by their owner. They were in his pockets, and the man they belonged to was missing; it was very odd. Not a trace could be found of the two men who had come to Ballarat in his company. No one had seen them since the second evening of their stay, and the authorities, being consulted, decided that the hut where Willie Banton lay must be strictly guarded till his companions reappeared, or until he himself could clear up the mystery of their disappearance.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A QUARTET OF MINSTRELS.

On our first page will be found portraits of Messrs. Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West, who with their minstrel company are now traveling in the South under the business management of J. H. Laine, and appended are short sketches of their professional careers.

MILT G. BARLOW

was born in Lexington, Ky., June 29, 1843, and entered the minstrel profession in 1870, making his first appearance before the public as an end-man and general comedian in Dayton, O., with a party known as "The Jackson Emersonians," Geo. W. Jackson manager. This company collapsed in Mount Vernon in the fourth week after its organization. Mr. Barlow then went into the variety business, playing Dutch, Irish and negro comedy. He soon after returned to minstrelsy, joining the New Orleans Minstrels, L. P. Benjamin manager. He was engaged next with Harry Robinson's Minstrels, and then for a twelve-month managed a variety hall for E. L. Bremond in Texas, at the conclusion of that time organizing Bremond's Minstrels, Barlow & Bremond proprietors. After leaving this party he played an engagement at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., and joined Haverly's Minstrels March 26, 1873, with which organization he remained until March 25, 1877. He next joined Sweatnam & Frazier's Minstrels in Philadelphia, Pa., where he remained until June. After closing with that party, he organized Aug. 13, 1877, Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels.

GEORGE WILSON

was born in London, Eng., Sept. 28, 1844, and entered the profession in San Francisco, Cal., in 1869, making his first appearance before the public with the Courtright, Farren & Wilson Combination as a song-and-dance artist. This combination closed on its arrival in Denver City, Col., when Mr. Wilson accepted an engagement in a variety hall in Kansas City, Mo., under the management of Wm. Carroll, where he remained until after the Chicago fire, October, 1871, when he accepted an engagement in Chicago, at Hall's Varieties. Here Mr. Wilson adopted the business of negro comedian. He next went to Detroit, Mich., and played an engagement in the Theatre Comique, where, although originally engaged for four weeks, he remained nine months. After this he joined his brother's—Fred Wilson—Minstrels, and next performed with Haverly's Minstrels, beginning November, 1873, at their organization, and remained with them until Aug. 18, 1877, when he joined the company of which he is now a member.

GEORGE H. PRIMROSE

was born in London, Ont., Nov. 12, 1852, and entered the profession in 1867, appearing with McFarland's Minstrels at their organization in Detroit, Mich. He was billed as "Master Georgie the Infant Clog-dancer." After closing with this company he returned to London, and joined the New Orleans Minstrels, L. P. Benjamin proprietor and manager. After leaving them he went to Buffalo, N. Y., and played an engagement in a variety theatre. His next engagement was at Smith's Opera-house, Saginaw, where he doubled with Bobby McGown. Returning to Buffalo, N. Y., they accepted an engagement with Doris & Batchelor, managers of concert with O'Brien's Circus. After that season Mr. Primrose dissolved partnership with McGown, and joined Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels. Closing with them in 1872, he went to Philadelphia, Pa., where he doubled up with his present partner, Wm. H. West. Together they joined Doris & Batchelor's concert party with O'Brien's Circus. After the close of that season they played in the Olympic Theatre, this city, and with Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels in Philadelphia, and then joined Haverly's Minstrels in Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1874, continuing with them until June 14, 1877, and afterwards joining the present company.

WILLIAM H. WEST

was born June 18, 1853, in Syracuse, N. Y., and made his first appearance on the stage in a variety hall in Buffalo, Aug. 20, 1870. He next went to Petroleum Centre, Pa., with Benjamin Sables, after which he joined Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels, playing a season of six months as end-man, and doing clog and song-and-dance, after which he doubled with Geo. H. Primrose, and since that time has continued his partner.

DEGENERATION.—The French Minister of War has reduced the minimum standard of height for the gendarmerie to 1 metre 66 centimetres. The process of reducing the standard has been going on steadily for many years, and French writers deduce thence gloomy conclusions as to physical degeneracy, though they are somewhat relieved by the reflection that the other peoples of Europe are degenerating as rapidly. On the other hand, modern experts have come to the conclusion that a good class middle-weight of the present time could have easily overcome a champion athlete of the Roman circus or Olympian games, and it was not so long ago that the helmets and suits of armor hung in an English castle were found entirely too small for the frames of the degenerate descendants of the original wearers.

PORTER.—Before 1720 the malt liquors in general use in London were beer, ale and twopenny, and it was necessary to call for a pint of "three threads," meaning a glass of ale, beer and twopenny. This gave the drawer the trouble of going to three casks, and to avoid this inconvenience a brewer named Harwood concerted the notion of making a liquor which should partake of the united flavors of three. This he called "entire," meaning that it was drawn entirely from one vessel, and to this day London publichouses often hear on them a huge board inscribed "Charrington, Head & Co., Entire," "Hanbury & Co., Entire," as the case may be. As this liquor was very nutritious, and thus suitable for porters and other workingmen, it gradually got the name of porter.

UNRHYMED SORROW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

In grosser years, with ready skill,
I sang of death and age and sorrow,
And wept (in anapests) at will,
Or sighed (in iambs) for the morrow.

How easy then to mourn in rhyme—
To sing of youth's departed pleasures;
To hurl anathemas at time,
In heavy, grave, dactylic measures.

How easy when the world was fair,
And dinners readily digested,
To strike the lyre at despair,
And talk of trials never tested.

Because fair Marian or Maud,
Or someone whom I don't remember,
Turned out to be a specious fraud,
I likened life to bleak December.

And as for womankind, I swore
I'd have no further dealings with 'em;
I'd found them faithless as of yore—
All that I put in flowing rhythm.

I gnawed on mischief's bone with zest,
On death philosophized profoundly,
And wrote of nights devoid of rest—
Then went to bed and slept quite soundly

It pleased me then, in rhythmic feet,
To harp on happiness departed,
The while I found the present sweet,
And grieved a sore which rarely smarted.

Alas that in those lusty days,
When I was vigorous and lacked ills,
I thus could every sorrow phrase,
And suffer so in measured dactyls!

But now, when trials real have come,
The skill of youth I may not borrow,
And lo! the lips that sang are dumb—
They cannot find a speech for sorrow!

Now, when the sternest touch of time
Has rounded out my life completer,
I cannot seek relief in rhyme,
Nor measure grief by any metre!

"AFTER THE 'SHOW.'"

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

The night had been cold and dismal, and the "house" bad. One by one the male members of the "Asteroid Aggregation" filed into the hotel office after their long evening's labor, and seated themselves gloomily around the stove. Beds were not practicable that night, for at the cheerful hour of two A. M. they were to take the train for the "next stand."

"Landlord," said the comedian after a dreary lapse of time, "how did you like the show?"

"Oh, well enough," answered that worthy, who was briskly engaged in mixing a toddy for himself.

"Well enough!" echoed the circle of indignant Thespians. "Well, that's cool!"

It was. For this cold-blooded Boniface had not only received two "passes" to the entertainment, but, with a peculiar "business" known only to country towns, had "passed" in his whole family of seven.

"Of course it was good," said the host, for he saw his mistake; "but our folks like pieces where there's lots o' shootin'. Buffalo Bill can ketch 'em every time."

"But you can't do much shooting in 'East Lynne,'" answered the disgusted manager.

"I 'spose not. What'll you take, gentlemen?"

"That's the most sensible thing you've said to-night!" exclaimed the heavy man, as he led the column to the bar. "Give me a Tom-and-Jerry."

The circle around the stove was re-formed with more cheerfulness.

"A funny thing happened to me to-night," said the manager, "while I was taking tickets. A man came to me, and said: 'The Governor of the State is inside. You can see him sitting over there. He is a very large man, and if you could have one of the actors introduce some pleasant little allusion to his size he wouldn't take it at all amiss.' Of course I didn't do it."

"That's funny," said the "old man," who was known as the Encyclopedia. "I wonder if that's the way he works up his popularity?"

"Most likely. It's just as well I didn't mention him. I had a lesson on personalities when I was playing with Langrishe in the Rocky Mountains. A man came to me at the stage-door and said: 'My brother got married yesterday, and somehow it didn't get into the paper. He's coming to the show to-night, and I want you to say something about the affair. It'll just tickle him to death, and he'll open more wine than you ever saw.' Well, I was young and 'freah,' and did get in a gag or two about it; but judge of my horror when the newly-made Benedict stood upon his seat and opened on me with a 'six-shooter.' It took two days to mollify him. That cured me of being personal."

"If you could stay till Monday night, gentlemen," remarked the landlord, who was concocting a diabolical bill of "extras," "you'd have a big house."

"Nixy, Jim," cried the company in chorus. "Don't give us that. We won't have it."

"But the Jews are the best theatre-goers we've got," persisted mine host, "and they had a big festival to-night that kept them away."

"Yes," said the manager, "and there was a raffle for a stove in the next street. That hurt us too."

The landlord preserved an indignant silence.

"The Jews are the best show-going people in the United States to-day," said the "old man." "In the South especially. Speaking of Jews, I shall never forget what Walter Lennox once said. He had had a dispute with an Israelite, and, I believe, had got worsted. But he said a very funny thing: 'I'll get even with you. When you're dead, *I'll go and pound your grave with a hammer!*'"

There was a roar of laughter.

"I saw rather a curious thing in St. Louis last season," said the agent, who had "run back to the show" to see how business was, and was nearly overpowered with the "black looks" he received from all parties. "It was at the Olympic. A man comes there two or three nights a week who buys a gallery-ticket and hires an opera-glass every time."

No one noticed this, whereat "ye agent" waxed wroth.

"Well, anyone would think I *made* the weather, by the way you chaps act. I can't help it if it rains, can I? Why don't you do what Jeff Burnett did? He discharged his agent because the Mississippi River froze over, and they couldn't get across."

There was a faint smile at this.

"When Edwin Booth played at Grand Rapids in 1874," said the comedian, "a livery-stable man came to Booth's agent, and wanted to know at what time of day he *wanted the hosses.*"

"I heard poor Billy Manning say a funny thing in Chicago one day," said the manager. "There were a lot of minstrels sitting round a table drinking beer. There were Emerson, Joe Murphy, Arlington, Ben Cotton, John Kemble and others. All the boys were dressed up in style and carried canes except Manning, who was out of luck and hadn't a cent. One after another of the boys rapped with their canes for a round of beer, until all had treated except the impecunious Manning. He saw what was expected of him, and, reaching over to Emerson, said gravely: 'Bill, you rap for me. *I shall get any cane!*'"

The laughter produced by this was drowned by the rattle of wheels.

"There's the buss, boys! Landlord, tell the ladies, and give me my bill."

The bills were paid, after correction, and the Aggregation were whirled off towards the train.

THE PRICKLY OSTRICH.

The showman who traverses the country with a menagerie often has a hard time of it, owing to the public craving for new animals with "sensation" points about them, the supply of which is naturally limited. Nature is ever ready to oblige the deserving showman; but her ingenuity would seem to have been pretty well exhausted by incessant effort in abnormal directions.

The ingenuity of man in the way of happy suggestion is, however, always readily compiled with, and of this my friend Giggleswick has afforded me a pleasing illustration. Finding himself with his show at a village which had been overdone with zoology, as villages will be after repeated exhibitions of the ordinary kind, he saw that the time was come when he must make an effort. The animals were eating their heads off, and, in spite of this in itself curious anatomical feat, on view daily, not a penny was coming in.

In this dilemma a happy idea occurred to him. Bearing in mind the fondness of the ostrich for delicacies of a ferruginous nature, he procured from a shop in the village several dozens of nails, of the variety known as tenpenny. These tempting morsels were duly strewn in the ostrich compartment, and the bird, with glistening eyes and ravenous appetite, set about devouring them, until not a nail remained.

Giggleswick allowed a day or two for digestion. Then he approached the ostrich, armed with several powerful magnets, of which he had obtained the loan, and, by applying these to the back and sides of the bird, he found, as he had anticipated, in producing a very remarkable effect. The nails, acted upon by the magnet, penetrated through the skin and feathers of the bird, and produced an appearance resembling that of a cross between the porcupine and the porpoise.

The effect was pointed in the audience, and without hesitation Giggleswick announced his novelty the Prickly Ostrich.

The announcement of this [illegible] crowds. Giggleswick had [illegible] Prickly Ostrich account at the [illegible] days he was never tired of [illegible] ence of the reluctant natives, and how he petted 'em.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

RICHWOOD, DIXON.—1. Except by special agreement, an amateur player cannot play alone at euchre. 2. Jack is high card in cutting for deal at euchre, because it is the highest card in playing that game. 3. That will apply to most games, but there are one or two to which it cannot apply, owing to so many cards having but a temporary value. Ace, deuce, king, queen and jack do not constitute a straight, for the reason that the ace, which counts as high or as low in poker, cannot count both ways at once, as it would have to do to make a straight where king and deuce both are. The ace figures only in two straights, viz., ace, king, queen, jack, ten (here the ace is higher than the king, which is its ordinary value in poker), and ace, deuce, three, four and five (here the ace has its normal value in a pack of cards, which is one). 4. Custom has given the ace two values in poker, just as it has given king, queen and jack two values in cribbage, none of which enable them to figure in "fifteens," while the other renders them invaluable for sequences, or straights.

EUCHRE, Chicago.—1. The "opposite side" could not go alone against the dealer. At regular euchre there can be but one lone hand at a time. There is no merit in one player making five tricks against one player; there is a great deal of merit in his making five tricks with five cards against four, and he is rewarded with four points when he thus makes five tricks. 2. The dealer being euchred in going alone, the other side count two, the same as if the play had been two against two. Had the dealer made three tricks he would have counted but one, the same as if had been playing against two.

W. S. G., Wilkesbarre.—1. There can be but one lone hand at a time at regular euchre. 2. No. What sense is there in giving four points to B, who makes three tricks against A alone, when had B went alone against both A and C and made those tricks, he would be given but *one* point? There is a vast difference between making three tricks and making five, as a matter of fair comparison between a player's making three tricks against one opponent, and making five against two. See "Euchre, Chicago."

T. J. C., Houston.—We have no record of any other performances accomplished under conditions precisely the same as those governing the race of which you have forwarded the result. Before a record can be given, it is requisite that properly constituted and responsible judges certify to the genuineness of the performance. Please send particulars of the competition. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, which will be ready in a few days, will contain records up to Dec. 28, 1878.

J. H. G., Brooklyn.—It is wrong when he counts 12 by the pairs and 8 by fifteens in four sevens and an ace. The same process by which he makes 12 by pairs must necessarily make 8 by fifteens. If he can see only 8 by fifteens, then he can see only 8 by pairs, and his total should be but 16, instead of the 20 he says it is. Let him take this for an unvarying rule—when his fifth card will make fifteen with any two of his other four, the total "fifteens" must be the total pairs.

JIMMY, Lexington.—1. No. We do not think they ever met to in this city; but they have repeatedly done so in Philadelphia, upon which occasions it was claimed for each that he beat the other. Griffith, the colored pugilist, who defeated both Harry and Tom Allen, was born in the United States. The fight with Tom Allen took place near Liverpool, Eng., June 7, 1864. 2. We believe he is dead.

D. J., Troy.—Gen. Pope assumed command in Virginia July 14, 1862, fought the second Battle of Bull Run Aug 30, retreated to Washington, Sept. 2, and on the following day started to the Northwest to fight the Indians. As McClellan had retreated from Harrison's Landing Aug. 16, Pope's command after that was the Army of the Potomac, if there was then any so called.

B. M. P., Covington.—Unless by agreement, the dealer cannot go alone when his partner has assisted him, nor can he go alone on a trump made by his partner. In either case he would be taking advantage of knowledge virtual exposure of cards in order to do a thing he would not have dreamed of doing if his partner had neither "assisted" nor made the trump.

DAVESON, North Andover.—In collar-and-elbow wrestling, the shoulders and a hip, or two hips and a shoulder, must strike the floor simultaneously to constitute a fall. In Graco-Roman wrestling, two shoulders must touch the floor. We do not know the exact reason referred to the decision was in Robinson's favor, but whether he got the stakes or not we cannot say.

GEO. WATSON, Baltimore.—1. The best professional running record in America is 9m. 16⅘s., by E. W. Johnson; amateur, 9m. 6⅗s., by J. P. Conover of Columbia College. 2. That question has not been satisfactorily settled. Ross and Johnson are considered by many excellent judges as the best two all-round Caledonian athletes in America.

F. E. L., Oskaloosa.—1. Gilmore's Gardens is a covered building, was formerly known as Barnum's Roman Hippodrome, and in addition to the Grand Central Depot was used as a passenger depot by the New Haven and Harlem Railroads. 2. William Perkins' time for one mile, 6m. 22s., is the best by a walker. 3. The League candidates have not all been appointed yet.

OLD SPORT, Boston.—1. The fact that neither man covered 450 miles did not entitle Campana to a cent of the gate-money, as the articles expressly stated that unless the winner, i. e. the one who made at least the number of miles) traveled that distance the winner should take the whole of the receipts. 2. He did not. 3. The throw could not be counted.

H. B., Brooklyn.—It takes one hundred years to make a century; Dec. 31, 1800, was the last day of the first eighteen hundred years of the Christian era; the eighteenth century had necessarily to end on that date; and the present, consequently the nineteenth century, which will end on Dec. 31, 1900.

G. R., Brooklyn.—1. When "Madeleine Morel" was first produced in the Fifth-avenue (now Globe), Avenue, on the opening of Augustin Daly, May 20, 1873. Miss Clara Morris was in the cast. 2. G. L. Fox acted in "Humpty Dumpty" in what is now the Globe Theatre, under the management of Tom Hamblyn.

ARTHUR, Milwaukee.—1, 2, 3. We prefer not to give advice upon such matters. 4. Pat Rooney made his debut on the stage in Birmingham, Eng., in 1863. Cannot say where. 5. No appearance. 6. Do not know. 7. Do not know whether it is the same Hamlin or not. 8. A fair number. 7. Any time.

CHARLES CLARKE, Chicago.—If B was on the ground at the appointed time, and A failed to put in an appearance or comply with the conditions of the bet, B was entitled to the stakes. What he may previously have told the stakeholder had nothing to do with the wager.

A. H., Cincinnati.—The contestants were not allowed to run and walk; and as O'Leary certainly did fairly walk 300 miles in his match with Campana, the man who bet that he would do so wins, no matter what the conditions of the contest were.

JAS. BAKER, Brooklyn.—1. Bogardus and Carver shot exhibitions together before the former's last visit to Europe. We do not think they were ever opposed to each other in a match for stakes. 2. We consider that he has.

NED, Newark.—The fact that a contestant in an amateur competition has returned to him the amount he paid for entrance does not make him a professional; but if he is paid more than that amount, because he walked a certain distance, then he would be a professional.

F. D., Chicago.—It is not lawful to play straights at poker dice, for the reason that it would require an arbitrary rule to decide whether five sixes or five aces are better than a hand of five, the last being as hard to get as either of the other hands.

N. J. A., New Orleans.—No definite answer can be given, because a specific case has not been circumstantially put. All we can say is that a player is not entitled to put up his ante who, after the draw, raises or looks at the faces of his cards before discovering that he has too few or too many.

J. L., Chicago.—In the event of a tie for game at seven-up, the eldest of the tieing players counts it. In a two-handed game the eldest hand is always the non-dealer; in a game of more hands, for the purpose of this question, he is that tieing player whose turn to play comes before that of the other tieing player.

COOKER.—The roller-skates used by professionals are manufactured by Mr. Plimpton, who has a number of patents for them to sell to the professionals only, and rents them to all other persons. Address him at Plimpton Buildings, Stuyvesant Place, this city.

G. A. L., North Pitcher.—You could not build up your own game. Your opponent is right. Had he built your eight to nine, then you, with an ace from your hand, could have raised it to ten. You would thus be building upon his build, not upon your own.

GARRISON DRIVE, Washington.—D wins the horse. In throwing off the tie, E was merely the representative of D. If C and D had refused to throw off the tie, E would have had no claim upon the horse, having sold his third to D. E had no interest, whether he threw off or not.

F. P. M., Washington.—It is a translation of a foreign play, the title of which in English is "The Cricket." Fanchon is a proper name, and as such has no particular meaning.

DECLINED.—"To My Love," "New-Year's Day at the Crisps," "Dessie," "Fragments," "Othello," "Little Sunbeam," "De Place I Lub So Well," "Help Him Along," "Bonnie Bell."

RICHMOND, DIXON.—"A and B play cassino, 21 points, cut-out. B makes four so-called natural points (A having but three), and then makes one sweep. Is that out, if B calls it out?".....Yes.

W. H. O., Paterson.—No answers by mail. The advertisement will cost you 15 cents per line, agate measure, and there are seven lines at a cost of 75 cents each insertion, or ten for $1.50.

G. D. E., U. S. Receiving Ship Wabash.—The Great Eastern has been here several times, and been laid at a North-river dock. She first came here June 28, 1860, and was on exhibition at the foot of Hammond street, N. R.

H. C. B., Dansville.—Admitting that B or anyone else ever made such a proposition, A would be a fool to accept. Eight are the half of sixteen, two added to the half (eight) make ten for B, and leave six for A.

G. B., Harrisburg.—Nobody; but Collyer and Johnny McCloskey at Goldsboro', Pa., July 15, 1867. Collyer beat Barney Aaron June 20, 1866, and was beaten by Aaron June 13, 1867.

GRANGER, Brooklyn.—We believe not. It would be necessary for them to cohabit as man and wife, and then it would depend upon the view taken of it by the Courts having jurisdiction.

H. T. O.—Under the conditions governing competitions for a trophy contain a stipulation to the contrary, the failure of the holder to start involves forfeiture of the belt by him.

H. A., Portage.—We have no copies of those issues left. A beautiful "sheet" you can procure of Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia, who publish it in a volume of Watson's poems.

ART, Newark.—The match between O'Leary and Campana is professedly for $1,000 a side, but it did not involve any championship or the possession of the Astley belt.

H. W. B., Whitneyville.—1. Gwens is champion wrestler of America. 2. Dufur seems to be a better wrestler than the party you mention. 3. Do you mean running or trotting?

K. C., Boston.—Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., inclosing stamp for reply, and he will send you a printed circular giving full information how to procure a copyright.

S. B. S., Nachlas.—Not being familiar with his ancestry, we would suggest, as you bear the same name and may be a relative, that a respectful note from yourself to him would elicit full particulars.

J. C., Steelton.—1. They are generally transferred and engraved on wood. 2. The picture could have been redrawn or photographed. 3. Cannot give that information.

YORKY DAWSON.—Your bet cannot be decided, because there have been no records of cold days kept "ever since New York became a city."

J. P. M., Boston.—Col. J. H. McLaughlin and John McMahon never wrestled together prior to their meeting in Chicago, in 1873.

H. S. S., Lancaster.—1. Corner of University place and Fourteenth street, this city. 2. Any music dealer can order it for you.

C. H. E.—1. Send to Ed. James, 90 Centre street, this city, for a copy of "The Modern Gymnast." 2. Yes. 3. Any gymnasium.

S. S. C.—Not having been called, the gentleman could not be required to show more than enough to justify his having opened the pot.

C. H. KNIGHT.—You will find the address of one among the advertisements in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, to be issued Jan. 9.

T. St., Attleboro.—We prefer not to recommend anyone. You will find the addresses of several song-writers in our advertising columns.

NELSON, St. Louis.—1. Blanche was born in Kentucky. Cannot say where Ella was born. 2. No. The firm is not in existence.

L. H. A., Cincinnati.—Mlle. Aimee appeared in "Les Cloches de Corneville" May 12, 1878, at the Park Theatre, this city.

F. C. R.—Inquire at some large bookstore and you can get it, either incorporated in some other work, or possibly in a separate volume.

F. W.—The impression is the quickest way to reach them will be to address a letter to Sells Bros., CIRCUS MANAGERS, in care of this office.

KENDO DEE, Ottawa.—The cards having run out, the last match not decreased up for trump suit on by mutual agreement.

J. R. W., Butler.—You might get the information through the Detective Bureau at the Treasury Department in Washington.

JOHN, Virginia City.—As he was not weighed on that day, nor probably for a year previous to it, we cannot decide the bet. His regular weight was 167lb.

SPRINGER, Wash Ington.—In jumping more than that distance, it necessarily jumped six feet, and thereby won A's money.

HIM R. H., Cincinnati.—State his line of business, and we will try and inform you; or address a letter to him in care of this office, stating the name on the envelope.

SHAMOKIN, Pa.—1. It is a "cock." 2. There is no need for any stated distance. It must rest squarely upon one of the four sides—that is all.

VIOLET.—Miss Pappenheim made her first appearance in this city in Italian opera in the role of Violetta in "La Traviata," April 7, 1862, at the Academy of Music.

R. H., Dallas.—A letter mailed to us in this city encouraged the information. We do not now remember the name of the person signing it.

J. L.—It's high, low, jack or game goes out before sandbox, which is made before mashie or afterwards.

J. M. B., Little Rock.—The two 40's take the two highest prizes.

J. T. G., Philadelphia.—No answers as to circulations of newspapers.

C. M. S., Augusta.—A loss. A score of 15 out of 20 is not better than one of 21 out of 28.

FRED S., Syracuse.—The fight between Tom King and John C. Heenan was won by the former.

H. W. H., Milwaukee.—Matt Peel died in Buffalo, N. Y., May 4, 1866.

C. E. N., Keyport.—Australian Kelly resides in some part of New Jersey.

OLD SPORT.—The best walking time for one mile is 6m. 22s.; seven miles, 51m. 31s., both by Wm. Perkins.

JOHN SULLIVAN, Auburn.—1. When? 2. Heenan's weight the day he fought Sayers was 175lb.

WM. TALBOT, Phila.—We cannot give particulars, as they were not published at the time.

LYNN.—One reason for so answering was that we never published an account of such a match.

M. H., Wolfeborough.—The population of this city is now estimated at about 1,000,000.

H. F. MCA., Houtsdale.—Do not keep any record of such events.

CLAYTON, Macon.—1. Address her in care of this office. 2. We do not require it.

CHARLIE.—1. A copyright will cost you $1. 2. Anyone can sing it.

MISS F. R., Cincinnati.—We have no knowledge of such matters as face-enameling, etc.

W. C., Shamokin.—Your opponent's objection was made too late.

J. F. D., Council Bluffs.—D can shuffle them, and A, as dealer, can shuffle again.

JOHN MILLER, Chicago.—John McMahon was born at Bakersfield, Vt.

BILLIARDIST, Reading.—The largest billiard room in Philadelphia is that of the Continental Hotel.

ECHO.—Knowing nothing of your qualifications for the business, we cannot advise you.

A. F. F., Indianapolis.—Address in care of this office. Her mother will receive it, and forward it.

B. E. T., Chicago.—Born in Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 22, 1849.

J. H. JEFFERY, Brooklyn.—We cannot undertake to find a backer for you.

R. C., Phila.—Mace and Sayers never fought, either in or out of the ring.

T. M. H., Stamford.—1. We never measured his stride. 2. Measure from toe to heel.

G. R. MCG.—The post-office authorities say that there is no office of that name in Pennsylvania.

SPRING AND JOINT, Springfield.—Having the ace, he could rob at once.

W. B., Marlboro.—Goodyear Rubber Co., 365 Broadway; Hodgman & Co., 37 Maiden lane, New York.

H. D. J., Tenewater.—Miss Josie Bailey is playing with the company supporting Modjeska on her tour.

F. H. C.—Letters were not forwarded. Postage nine cents.

A. G. C., Syracuse.—No answers by mail. Born in 1830.

H. B.—There is no reliable work of that kind in print.

W. J. HURLEY.—It expires with No. 44, Vol. 26.

CHARLIE R.—Address him in our care.

SAM FRANK, Oneida.—James Owens.

L. E. J., Northampton.—Isaac Levy.

JOHN.—Better consult a physician.

G. B. S., Chillicothe.—No record.

POKERDICE.—Sixes are high.

G. B. P.—Out of print.

TOO MANY THEATRES.

There are too many theatres in New York. Nobody can doubt this who is even an occasional attendant at places of amusement; it is painfully apparent to those who are more immediately interested in the subject. Variety houses of all grades have multiplied themselves until they are wellnigh innumerable. The legitimate performance breaks out in spasms, strong at times, but oftener weak. Melodrama, spectacle, burlesque, negro minstrelsy—in fact, every form of entertainment—is forced upon the public in allopathic doses. And between these regular courses is sandwiched now a slice of opera, now a round of concerts, now a season of the circus.

Some descendants of that historic woman who killed the goose that laid the golden egg are living still. The stage has been, and under given conditions still is, a fruitful source of wealth. But as it derives its income from the gratuitous contributions of the public, it must, at least, make its demands reasonable. Since the country entered upon the present era of economy, the theatre has come to be regarded by a large class of people as a luxury too costly for frequent indulgence. Necessity compels a man to buy bread and meat and raiment; but necessity does not force a man to attend the theatre. He must be attracted by what is offered, else he does not go. And this is what we mean by gratuitous contributions, from which alone comes the golden egg of the stage. With fewer patrons—because the persons able to pay for luxuries are fewer—the theatres of this city have steadily increased until their number is out of all proportion to the public demand. If anybody doubts this assertion, let him make a tour of the places of amusement now open, and mark how many paying houses he finds. It is an open secret that some of our most aristocratic theatres have thus far found the season one of sharp struggle, albeit business generally is counted better than it was a year ago. The fact of the matter is, that while half of the present number of houses might find liberal support, there are not theatre-goers enough to keep all afloat. Excellence in acting, novelty in plays, sumptuousness in dress and mounting—none of these things will succeed in filling benches, so long as the benches outnumber the people who patronize the theatre. What would be a paying audience in a single house becomes only an aggravation when divided among three or four rival establishments. We may harp as much as we please over the elevation of dramatic art, but if we are to raise it at all it must be by the mighty lever of the dollar. The point we would make is that it would be very much better to have six theatres here in New York on a thoroughly sound basis, than to have sixty dragging out an uncertain existence, dying periodically, and undergoing unsatisfactory resurrections.

Nor is this financial view the only one to be taken of the question. The survival of the fittest would inevitably raise the standard of the stage. To get the best of the several kinds of entertainments which have come to have a distinctive character would be the end aimed at; and it is reasonable to assume that that end would be attained. If, for example, there were but a single theatre in the city devoted exclusively to comedy, one might safely predict a season of such unparalleled prosperity as to warrant the production of plays in the best manner possible. We would not, of course, advise the cutting-down of comedy theatres to one house; but, as the matter now stands, there is margin enough for reduction in their number. The San Francisco Minstrels serve to illustrate our point. At a time when negro minstrelsy has lost that wide-spread popularity which it once enjoyed, this company succeeds in playing the season through to good houses. The reason is no mystery. If anybody in New York wants to witness a burnt-cork performance, he goes to the one house where that kind of entertainment, pure and unadulterated, is furnished. If he were tempted by half a dozen rival shows, and forced to divide himself up, so to speak, his presence would hardly be felt; but where he is concentrated within the limits of one house, the minstrelsy-lover forms a respectable factor, quite large enough to keep that one house afloat. When managers shall be able thus to collect the various elements of the theatre-going public and keep them within circumscribed limits, New York will have fewer theatres, but they will be sound to the core.

THE COLD WAVE AND ITS STRANGE EFFECTS.

Two polar waves have submerged us within the past two weeks; but the second was more polar than the first, and caused more distress and inconvenience than any similar visitation for several years. With the exception of snow balls, all flowers ceased to bloom, and our gardens presented a bare and withered look. The very fishes in our rivers were frozen in their little beds, and it was only on the lake at Central Park that ice-skates only were noticeable. Coal-dealers were in demand everywhere, and children even cried for them. One prominent dealer was recognized in the Bowery, and immediately he was surrounded by an enthusiastic assemblage, who took the horses from his carriage, and themselves drew him triumphantly to his coal-diggings. Others were aroused at night from their peaceful slumbers, and serenaded by a full brass band; and it was not until those coal-merchants came forward and made speeches in the biting midnight air that they were suffered to retire—the people were still over them; every coal-dealer was worth his "full weight" in gold coin fresh from the mint. On the other hand, ice-merchants were at a discount. Why, it was as much as his life was worth for one of them to be seen on the street. In an unguarded moment a driver started out, on that intense Friday, with his cart loaded with ice for his customers. No sooner was he espied than he was mobbed, his ice thrown into the street, and he given one hour to leave the city. He left on the next outgoing train. Two ice-creameries were discovered in full operation; this made the people still more furious, and they stood the freezers on their heads in the frozen mass they were plotting to foist on an already outraged community. Another reckless individual entered a barroom while it was filled with customers, and thoughtlessly called for a sherry cobbler, plenty of ice. The "setters" sat down upon him as one man, and a grindstone could not have flattened him out more effectually. In the warm, cheery theatres, the slightest allusion by the funny people to the polar wave was hissed down, and the guilty perpetrator had to run for his life. The people were just ripe for anything. A comical thing occurred in Centre street, close to our office. A billposter was industriously plying his trade, when an observant, educated bystander noticed the bill just then being stuck up—it was that of a scientist who would lecture that night on artificial heat. Instantly the alarm was given, people came from every direction, and that billposter was at once lifted on the shoulders of the appreciative assemblage, and thus carried to Delmonico's, in the Fifth-avenue, where a banquet was given him composed of every variety of dishes, cooked by artificial heat! This was the crowning triumph of the billposter's life. Had Ingersoll delivered his great lecture on "Hell" at such a time, he would have been unanimously chosen for the Berlin mission, or made King of Bulgaria. You never saw anything like it in all your born days. The man who roasted chestnuts on the street-corners was crowded all day long, and hundreds turned away unable to gain admission. A wagon-load of lager-bier was seized by the crowd, the bungholes were knocked out of the kegs, the beer was emptied into the gutter, and a bonfire made of the remains; the horses, wagon and driver were hurried down to the Battery, and dumped overboard amid the enthusiastic plaudits of an admiring throng. A man with a lighted cigar in his mouth became an object of interest. They were going to hang a man merely for saying that the oldest inhabitant had no recollection of anything to equal the cold wave then prevailing. The maddened crowd went to a purling stream where a gang of men were cutting ice and carting it into the city. They gave the malefactors one minute to stop work or die! They stopped work, of course, and joined the people. Never do we desire to participate in such another cold wave; never do we wish to go through such scenes and incidents as we passed through on that black Friday. It was terrible!

THE THEATRES felt the cooling and depressing influence of the cold wave last week, as was evidenced in the uncrowded attendance at most of them. The lighter style of entertainment fared the best. In this connection we ought to state that the ballet in the burlesque troupes did not wear ulsters in their grand marches, nor don buffalo robes and sealskin in their fairy-like evolutions. The bare skin answered the same purpose. Rip Van Winkle, at the Fifth-avenue, was sorry that he didn't sleep a little longer, while the "Babes in the Wood" clamored for a few more leaves with which to cover themselves. Managers were at no time overwhelmed by New-Year's callers, and visits between theatre and bank officials were few and far between.

THE LAMBS are to have a carnival in Philadelphia this week, but the lambs are not to have it all their own way. The lyin' will take part in the proceedings, and if the wind is not tempered to the shorn lamb it will be bad for the lamb.

THE TROTTER SPENDTHRIFT has changed hands at prices ranging from five thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars, according to various newspaper reports and the spend-thrifty character of the purchaser.

AN UNDERTAKER, a widower, was married again on New-Year's night, and on the following day, in making out the marriage-notice for the papers, he thoughtlessly added this line:

"Our first in heaven."

IT IS DUE to the lady-shoppers to say that they never whimpered during that cold snap, but went from store to store just as they do in the sweet Springtime. They bore the cold zerorically.

"RED" LEARY must go, and he's not a heathen Chinee, either. By the time Massachusetts gets through with him he will be a deeply-read Leary.

GEN. GRANT'S popularity increases. Since his arrival in Ireland there are two of him; leastwise he has been Dublin himself!

THAT'S the kind of weather we predicted last November. Snow or rain will follow. You'll see.

THE BURSTING of a 38-ton gun on the turret Thunderer will help to lighten her.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ADAMS, William A.—He was familiarly known as Uncle Billy Adams, and had enjoyed the personal acquaintance of such notabilities of a past age as Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson—Newport, Ky., Dec. 25, aged 81.

ADAMS, W. W., M. D.—He had been a captain in the Mexican War, as well as in the Rebellion. Since 1836 his place of residence had been in Coles County, Ill.—Charleston, Ill., Dec. 29.

ALBRIGHT, John W.—A merchant tailor for thirty years past in Walnut and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia—there, Dec. 30, aged 69.

ADAMS, Sarah C.—Widow of Colonel J. Q. Adams of Brooklyn, N. Y.—on the train from Boston to this city, Dec. 31.

AIKEN, Rev. Samuel C.—A retired Presbyterian minister. He was a native of Vermont—Cleveland, O., Jan. 1, aged 83.

BEASLEY, Frederick W.—Son of the Rev. F. W. Beasley, for some years Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, whence the son was graduated to complete his education in the theological seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was admitted to deacon's orders in 1830, and was rector of Trinity Church, Easton, from that year until 1834, when he became rector of All-Saints' Church, Torresdale. He was one of the oldest Episcopal clergymen in Pennsylvania, and also the oldest in connection with the Philadelphia Protestant Episcopal Church. Born in Philadelphia in 1807—Torresdale, Pa., Dec. 29.

BRAINARD, Roswell C.—Besides having been a Supervisor and an Alderman from the Second Ward of Brooklyn, N. Y., he was Deputy Collector in the Custom House, Surrogate there from 1858 to Jan 1, 1867, and at the outbreak of the Rebellion was appointed Judge-advocate-general on the staff of General Jesse C. Smith of the Eleventh Brigade. He was a native of East Haddam, Ct., and studied law in the office of Dudley Field—Brooklyn, Jan 2, aged 57.

BILLOWS, Smith D.—Upwards of twenty-five years ago he had a contract for the building of the Erie Canal, and superseded oil, he contracted with the N. Y. G. Co. to light that section of this city from Grand street to the Battery. This contract did not expire until 1876. He was born in Middletown, Ct.—steamboat City of Hartford, Pier 34, E. R., this city, Jan. 4.

BLACKETT, Robert Collingwood—Born in London, England, Nov 5, 1807, and embraced the Gospel in 1839, to which he remained an added Mormonism. He came to this country in 1856, and was a member of the High Priests' quorum—Sephi, Utah Territory, Dec. 19.

BOGGS, S. S.—A director of the Monongahela Bridge Co., in the Freehold Bank, and in the People's Insurance Co., all of Pittsburg, Pa. Born in St. Clair, Pa.—Pittsburg, Jan. 3, aged 62.

BROOKS, Dr. T. S.—One of the oldest physicians in Greenville, Ill. He was found dead in his room. Supposed to have been suffocated—that place, Jan. 3.

BLOOMER, James—Became a member of the police force of this city about 1844, and at his death was a member of the Special Police Service Squad—here, Jan. 2.

BARKER, Mrs. Mehitable—Relict of William Barker of Buffalo, N. Y.—there, Dec. 31, aged 92.

BURBANK, Elisha—Widow of Capt. John Burbank of Staten Island—Port Richmond, S. I., Dec. 31.

BERRIE, John—Deputy-clerk of the Circuit Court, Janesville, Wis.—there, Dec. 30.

BELL, Robert—Formerly of Philadelphia, Pa.—Cheshire, Eng., Dec. 13, aged 81.

BILLINGTON, David P.—Of Philadelphia firm of J. H. Billington & Co.—there, Jan. 3, aged 36.

CUSHING, Caleb—Of world-wide reputation, who, the son of John N. Cushing, shipowner, was born at Salisbury, Mass., Jan. 17, 1800, at the age of seventeen was graduated from Harvard College, and at twenty-five became a practicing lawyer in Newburyport, then Salem, and also a member of the lower house of the Legislature, being advanced to the Senate in the following year. In 1834 he was sent to Congress; from 1843 to 1845 he was a special envoy to China; in 1847 he organized a regiment and as colonel took it to Mexico, where he became a brigadier-general; defeated for the Governorship of Massachusetts, in 1851, he was chosen by a large majority to represent Newburyport in the lower house of the Massachusetts Legislature, and in the same year became the first Mayor of that city; in 1852 he was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of his native State, a position he resigned in March of 1853 to accept the portfolio of U. S. Attorney-general under President Pierce; when Pierce's term expired, Cushing returned to Newburyport, whence he was three times sent to the Legislature, and was the author who advocated the right of secession while deprecating it as ruinous to the Southern States, he presided over the Charleston Democratic Convention of 1860, and also over the secession body from that body who put in nomination John C. Breckenridge for the Presidency; after Lincoln had been elected, President Buchanan sent Cushing to South Carolina as a pacificator, but his mission was a failure; at the breaking out of the Rebellion he was on the side of the Union, and as a soldier offered to his native State services that its Governor declined; throughout the Rebellion he practiced law; in 1866 he was appointed a member of a commission of three to revise and codify the laws of the United states; in 1872 he became the senior counsel of the United States at the Geneva Conference for the settlement of the rebel steamer Alabama claims; and in December, 1873, President Grant nominated him to be Minister to Spain in place of Daniel E. Sickles. Before the nomination was confirmed, Hamilton F. Chase died, and on Jan. 1, 1874, Grant named Cushing to be Chief-justice of the United States. The Republican Senators opposed this, urging that he had once written to Jefferson Davis a letter recommending a gentleman who wished to enter the service of the Confederate States. This letter was produced, and Grant withdrew Cushing's name; but the letter was not brought forward later in opposition to the earlier nomination, and Cushing was confirmed as Minister to Spain, in which position he conducted the affair of the Virginius massacre with marked ability. It may be added that he had visited Madrid so early as 1839-40, and upon his return published a work entitled "Lectures on the Spanish Language," which was received in England and France, and in two volumes he embodied "A Historical and Political Review of the Late Revolution in France," and later in the career he was a contributor to *The North American Review* on both historical and legal subjects. In 1824 he married a daughter of Judge Wilde of Boston, a lady who in 1832 printed a book of travels in France and Spain—Newburyport, Mass., Jan. 2.

CARNEGIE, Right Hon. William Hopetoun.—He became Earl of Northesk on the death of his father, in May, 1831, and is succeeded by his only son, John, Lord Rosebill, late captain and lieutenant-colonel of the Scots Fusileer Guards. Early in 1843 the deceased married Georgiana Maria, eldest daughter of the late Admiral the Hon. George Elliott, K. C. B.—England, about Dec. 29, aged 84.

CURRY, William—A soldier of the War of 1812, as well as a manufacturer of paper-hangings in Philadelphia—that city, Dec. 31, aged 85.

CULLEN, Dr. Patrick C.—Well known in Richmond, Va.—Knoxville, Tenn., Dec. 29, aged 58.

CONRAD, Anson—Of the Wilmington, Del., City Council—there, Dec. 31, aged 73.

COOK, John—An old resident of Baltimore County, Md.—Clifton, that county, Jan. 1, aged 96.

DUNCAN, Mrs. Mary Ann—An inmate of the Widows' Society Home, Philadelphia—there, Jan. 3, aged 100.

FLOOD, Bernard—Well known in this city and California, especially in sporting circles. He was a brother of John Kerr, Jr., and a native of Ireland. (See "Ring")—this city, Dec. 30.

FULTON, William H.—Senior member of the firm of Fulton & Son, carpenters and builders, Philadelphia—there, Dec. 28.

FILMORE, F. E.—Editor of *The Graphic*, Beloit, Wis—there, Dec. 28.

FULTON, Mrs. Catherine—Hillsboro, N. H., Dec. 23, aged 94.

GILL, Noah—As a private citizen he had faithfully done his duty, as a politician he had served his constituents well, he had been a member of the Baltimore Reform Club and of the City Council, he had been president of the Seventeenth Ward Dashaway Club, had been a foremost temperance advocate and the founder of temperance clubs, and for all that he died in the City Prison. He had fallen in the street on New Year's night, and was picked up unrecognized by the police—Baltimore, Jan. 5, aged 56.

GOLDER, Dr. Valentine Mott—Son of Dr. R. Henry Golder, M. D., and a member of the Rosemount Rifle Club, and also of the Richmond County Medical Society—Rossville, Staten Island, Dec. 30, aged 31.

HARTMAN, Mrs.—Mother of Paul Hartman of Washington Court-house, O. Moreover, she was the oldest woman in Fayette County—Washington C. H., Jan 3, aged 99.

HICKOX, Horace.—Identified with the early history of Springfield, Ill., where he was a leading mill-owner fifty years ago—there, Jan. 2.

HENRY, William—Brassfounder. Had resided in Northern Liberties, Philadelphia, for more than sixty years—there, Dec. 31, aged 82.

HAMEL, Dr. J., A man of learning, and an Austrian political exile. He willed his body to any medical college in this city that needed it for purposes of dissection—here, Jan. 1.

HYDE, Orson—One of the foremost Mormons, having become a member of their Church when it was in its infancy. Prior to that he had been a Campbellite, and was for a time a preacher in that religion, in one of which he was a preacher. In 1837 he went to England, where he labored for about a year. After his return to this country he was sent on a mission to Jerusalem, and while on his way there visited Egypt, Italy, Bavaria, Germany, Switzerland, Turkey and Constantinople. About four years after he joined the Mormons he became one of the Twelve Apostles, and he so continued until his death. He was also a member of the Territorial Legislature for many years—Salt Lake, Utah, Jan. 2.

HAYDEN, Mrs. Ann Nolan—Wife of Capt. Andrew B. Hayden of the Central Station, Pittsburg, Pa. She was born in Ireland in 1825, came to this country when a child, and had resided in Pittsburg ever since—that city, Dec. 31.

HESS, Col. M. S.—A member of the Maryland Legislature in 1876, and for a long time of the firm of Hess, Blume & Co., Baltimore, Md. He was well known in musical circles there—that city, Jan. 2, aged 46.

HORN, Mrs. M. R.—Wife of the keeper of the City Prison, Springfield, Ill. Suddenly, of heart-disease—there, Dec. 29, aged about 50.

HUNT, Mrs. Hodie—Wife of Lieut. Levi P. Hunt, U. S. A.—Fort Worth, Texas, Dec. 23.

HODGSON, William—Or Smith & Hodgson, Philadelphia drug firm—there, Dec. 24, aged 74.

HORN, Mrs. R.—Philadelphia. Dec. 27, aged 92.

IRWIN, Mrs. Eliza—Her husband, who died about 1866, was Thomas Irwin, a Judge of the United States Court and the predecessor of Judge McCandless—Shady Side, Pittsburg, Pa., Dec 31, aged 68.

JULIAN, Dr. James M.—Except that during the Franco-Prussian War he volunteered as a surgeon in the French army, he was a resident of Hoboken, N. J., for thirty years. At one time he was a physician in the New York Hospital. He married a sister of ex-Sheriff A. F. Mosat, the death of whose brother, a few hours after Dr. Julian expired, is elsewhere recorded—Hoboken, N. J., Jan. 1, aged 68.

JOHNSTON, Captain—Long a commander in the service of the Pacific Coast Steamship Co.—San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 29.

KLEBERG, Mrs. Minna—Wife of Rabbi Louis Kleeberg of the Jewish Synagogue, New Haven, Ct. In the Germania Lounge she was a prominent figure of society, and her name was familiar in the literary circles of this and foreign cities—New Haven, Dec. 31.

KAIN, John—An eccentric character in Greenville, Ind., where he was known as "Old Money." He was temperate and industrious, and yet was found frozen to death in his room—that city, Dec. 31.

KERR, Mrs. Mary—At the age of 91 she leaves a husband to mourn her death—Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 29.

LE ROY, Mrs. Elizabeth Emmet—Daughter of the first Thomas Addis Emmet, Irish patriot, and niece of the revered Robert Emmet. She was born in Dublin, Ireland, Dec. 4, 1796, and in 1819 was married to William H. Le Roy, son of Herman Le Roy, founder of the house of Le Roy, Bayard & Co. Her husband survives, as also does his sister, who became the second wife of Daniel Webster. Once a belle in this city, Mrs. Le Roy was also noted as a portrait-painter. One of the best portraits of Robert Fulton the navigator was from her brush, and in our City Hall hangs a portrait of her father painted by herself. Her only sister was the wife of A. Boomen Graves, a New York merchant, and one of her brothers (Robert) was Judge of our Supreme Court. It was in our Court of Common Pleas, while he was pleading a case, that death struck her father, a tablet of whom graces that court-room, while his monument is foremost in St. Paul's Churchyard—New Rochelle, N. Y., Dec. 31.

LEDIEU, M.—Director of the Mont de Piété, Paris, from 1854 to 1870, having occupied the latter year been dismissed from that office by the Provisional Government, since which time he had lived in retirement. He was born in 1794, entered the French army when he was a mere boy, and before he was twenty-one was given a commission from Napoleon. From 1822 to 1829, with the sanction of the Bourbon Government, he aided in organizing the army of the Viceroy of Egypt. After 1830 he was officially connected with the Ministry of Arts and Trades, and he directed the French exhibitions of 1839, 1844 and 1849—France, Dec. 17.

LICHTENSTEIN, Princess—Adopted daughter of the late Lord Holland, and somewhat known as a writer upon various subjects, inclusive of domestic economy. On June 27, 1873, she was married to Prince Alois von Lichtenstein, a cousin of the reigning Prince John II of Lichtenstein, Tropau, and Jaegerndorf, the maiden name of the Princess Fox—news of death in Austria forwarded by cable Jan. 2.

LEWIS, William A. son of the late Gen. S. H. Lewis, and brother of ex-U. S. Senator John F. Lewis. He was born about 1831 near where, on Dec. 2, he was drowned, at Harrisonburg, Md. His body was found Dec. 31.

LUXMORE, Gen. Thomas Cervadon—Entered the British army in 1814, rising to the rank of Major, and was made a general in June, 1871—England, early in December.

LYND, Henrietta Blanc—Widow of John Lynd—New Orleans, Dec. 29, aged 84.

MILBOURNE, Charles D.—A merchant in Baltimore, Md

THE RING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The match between James Elliott and John J. Dwyer progresses in a business like way that cannot but prove satisfactory to every one interested. Dwyer and some friends, with a delegation of the fraternity fistic whose sympathies did not decidedly incline towards either principal, arrived between the appointed hours of 1 and 2 P. M., but a wait of a couple of hours or more was necessitated by the fact that Elliott had gone to Philadelphia on business, and didn't reach the office until past four o'clock, having come on the train leaving the City of Bricks and Pepperpot at 1.30 P. M. Before he came Dwyer had staked his $250, the odd fifty being in yellow metal, and as soon as Jimmy showed up, he produced a check for a like amount. A brief conference in regard to who should act as final stakeholder ended in the selection of Thomas Walsh, who consented to accept the position, and this made the sailing smooth so far. Elliott's exhibition at Gilmore's Garden on New Year's Eve was not a success financially, mainly, if not solely, because it had not been judiciously advertised. Elliott having adopted the mistaken policy of not having any tickets printed. Neither was the exhibition so satisfactory as it might have been, several of those who were on the bills to spar not appearing, and Elliott not showing to advantage in the wind-up with Paddy Ryan of Troy, the latter surprising people by getting rather the best of Jimmy, who, however, can do better than he did that night, or else he has lost much of the boxing prowess for which he was noted years ago. The impression the set-to left on the minds of the onlookers was not favorable to Elliott, the general opinion being that Dwyer could have given a far better account of himself with Ryan, who, by the way, has improved since he was matched with Johnny. The others who handled the mittens were Patsy Sheppard and Mike Gillespie, Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers, Edward McGlinchey and Jack King, Bob Carman and Johnny Stack, John Cash and old Mike Smith (a slogging affair, in which Smith was badly handled), Jerry Lynch and Driscoll. Gus Hill also swung clubs, and this, with an impromptu acrobatic exhibition, made up the sum total of the entertainment, which was marred by tiresome waits between the bouts. Uncle Tovee officiated as M. C. Elliott and Ryan spar at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, on Thursday evening Jan. 9.

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

To-day, Jan. 7, the final scene prior to the actual meeting of the men in the ring on the soil of Canada will be enacted in the match for the light-weight championship between Johnny Clark of Philadelphia and Billy Edwards' Unknown. To-day the final deposit, $500 from each side, must be in the hands of the temporary stakeholder (he received the Unknown's share on Jan. 6), and a meeting is to be held in Philadelphia, whereat a final stakeholder is to be chosen, choice of ground decided by toss, and the name of the Unknown given to Clark. The latter information was withheld up to the time of penning sparring exhibition, to be held at the Grand Central Theatre, there, on Monday evening, 6th. Clark had a benefit at the International Comique in that city on the 3d, which was a success, the following appearing: Boxers—Ed. Manning and Jimmy Gallagher, Lew Chambers and Dan Hickey, McGonegal and Humphreys. Then Jim Berry, the English wrestler, and Clark's trainer, Jno. McMasters, gave an exhibition of Lancashire wrestling, after which Clark and Harry Hicken appeared in the wind-up, which was an excellent set-to, much applauded by the audience. Clark is announced to spar with both Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers at the Grand Central Theatre during the present week; and as many have expressed surprise at the fact, he desires us to say that his engagements with them are entirely for a money consideration, and cannot have the slightest effect upon the character of the match. We are informed that Chambers scaled 127lb on the 4th, and Jack King, who by many is considered to be the man who will face Clark in the ring, 129lb.

DEATH OF "BARNEY" FLOOD.—Bernard Flood, who for many years was proprietor of the public-house, popular with sporting men, located on the northeast corner of Eighth avenue and Thirty-third street, and who a few months ago took a lease of the premises on the southwest corner of Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, died on the night of Monday, Dec. 30, of pneumonia. He had been confined to his bed by an attack of erysipelas for a week or more, but none of his friends imagined that his illness would result fatally, and the intelligence of his demise was a great shock to those included in the large circle of his acquaintance. Deceased was a brother of Rev. James J. Flood, possessed a well-merited reputation for straightforward, equitable dealing, was kind-hearted, open-handed, of a social nature, and his death is sincerely regretted by all who knew him. His funeral took place 2 from the residence of his brother-in-law, Peter Kearney, 141 West Fifty-third street, from whence the remains were taken to St. Gabriel's Church, where a requiem mass was offered, thence to Calvary Cemetery. Mr. Flood was unmarried.

BENEFIT FOR DONOVAN—HE RECEIVES A BELT.—Horticultural Hall, San Francisco, Cal., was crowded to excess Dec. 28, on the occasion of a benefit tendered to Mike Donovan. After several exciting bouts between amateurs, George Smith, who challenged Johnny Dwyer to fight for the heavy-weight championship, and Frank Crockett, faced each other for five rounds, during which Crockett had decidedly the best of it. The chief event of the evening, however, was the contest between Donovan and Billy Lynn, who is matched to fight Jack Haliahan for $1,000 a side in Virginia City, Jan. 23. Lynn, who is considerably smaller and lighter, of course stood no chance with his more scientific opponent. Preceding this bout, Donovan was presented with a massive silver belt, adorned with a heavy gold shield, on each side of which the clasps consisted of an Irish harp and American flag. In his reply accepting the gift, Mike offered to fight any 140lb man in the world, and said, furthermore, that the belt costing his friends $300, but which he valued at $1,000, he would stake against $1,000 of any man brave enough to face him.

JIMMY KELLY'S EXHIBITION was the means of packing Harry Hill's Theatre, this city, on the afternoon of Jan. 1, when a show that was good from beginning to end, and which included some very exciting set-tos, was given. The couples who lent their assistance were Joe Ryan and J. Creamer of Providence, Murray and a colored boxer named Taylor, Pete McCoy and Ed. McGlinchy (who made the most slashing set-to witnessed at Hill's for a long time), Mike Coburn and Billy Madden, Mike Gillespie and Johnny Reilly, Jack King and Joe Williams, Gus Hill and McArdle. The wind-up introduced the beneficiary and Jim McGrath, the latter taking the place of Tom Drohan of Boston, who was announced to spar with Kelly, but failed to appear. Gus Hill also swung clubs, Frank Livingstone gave a balancing act, and the variety company exerted themselves to add to the pleasure of the entertainment, which gave the fullest satisfaction.

PATSY SHEPPARD'S benefit at Lyric Hall, this city, on New-Year's night, was about as well attended as was to have been expected at such a time—which isn't saying much for the size of the assemblage. The sparring was good, and there was plenty of it, the performers being John Stack and Bob Carman, Mike Gillespie and Warry Edwards, Logan and Frank White, Ed. McGlinchy and Pete McCoy, Johnny Cash and Jordan, Mike Burns and brother, Billy Edwards and Sheppard, the latter being a most interesting wind-up to "the sports of the evening," as Uncle Tovee never fails to remark when he acts as M. C.

DICK GOODWIN, alias "Springheeled Dick," will have a benefit at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, Jan. 10, when Sam Collyer will make his first appearance in public for some years in a wind-up with the beneficiary. On the 23d Dick gives an exhibition at Harry Hill's, when he will probably box with the lightning-armed Barney Aaron.

JOE GOSS and Tom Earley (of the Earley House, 14 Lagrange street, Boston) are giving joint exhibitions in New England. They are to show in Worcester, Mass., Jan. 11, when John Connolly, Patsy Sheppard, Tom Drohan and local talent are announced to appear. On next week they show in Woonsocket, R. I., Lawrence, Mass., Portland, Me., and Manchester, N. H.

HARRY HICKEN is announced to take a benefit at the International Comique, Eighth and Sansom streets, Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 15, when a number of the talent will appear on the stage, and Johnny Clark will wind-up with Hicken.

JIMMY SHAW, "the Original" owner of the once famous black-and-tan dog Jacko, and one of the most genial of men, recently fell downstairs in London, Eng., and sustained severe injuries.

A SILVER CUP will be given to the best light-weight sparrer in the tournament at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, during the current week.

JIMMY GALLAGHER had a well-attended benefit at 132 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, Dec. 31.

MIKE GILLESPIE will take a benefit at Harry Hill's Theatre on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 15, when he has been promised the assistance of a number of the first boxers in the city, will have the variety troupe to aid him in entertaining the spectators, and will set-to with Patsy Sheppard in the wind up. Those who saw these two lads box each other at Elliott's exhibition, will not care to be absent when they bang away at each other again.

SKATING.

THE BALL UP EVERYWHERE.

There has not been such a skating season for years as now prevails. Ice a foot thick covers the Central and Prospect Park Lakes, and there is excellent skating at the Manhattan Rink, on Eighth avenue and Fifty-sixth street, and on the Fifth avenue pond, near the Park entrance; also on the Capitoline and Union Skating Ponds, Brooklyn. On the Suydam Pond, near Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, a little boy was drowned last week, and a man who went to his rescue came near losing his life. The ice on the main surface of the pond was thick enough, but some people had been cutting ice on a portion of it, and the water was only covered by ice of an inch thickness, and no warning-signals had been placed on the new-formed ice. The boy got on this ice and broke through. ..... In roller-skating a visit to the Sixty-third street Rink revealed the fact of that place being rapidly transformed into an elegant roller-skating salon for fashionable patronage, under the experienced management of Mr. Plimpton, the roller-skates patentee. The rink proper has been divided into two compartments, the one of the westerly end being assigned to the use of beginners, and the larger hall to experts. A new white pine floor has been laid down, and in such a manner as to make a more perfect surface for the rollers than the asphalt floor, the latter being apt to become too glossy and slippery. The opening invitation reception will take place next week, and the rink will be opened to the public about Jan. 18.....At the Brooklyn Rink the skating nights are now limited to Saturdays and Mondays. There is skating there on Saturday afternoons, however.

PRIZE SKATING.—At the Manhattan A. C. rink, this city, on New-Year's day, two interesting amateur races took place. The first was over a distance of one mile, for boys under fifteen years of age, medals to first and second, the race being contested in heats, with this result: First heat—T. S. Mushow 1, H. S. Tallman 2; time, 5m. 22s. Second heat—R. B. Perkins 1, J. Backer 2; time, 5m. 15s. Final heat—Perkins 1, Tallman 2; time, 4m. 55s. A ten-mile race for two medals was contested during the afternoon, five starting, as follows: Geo. D. Phillips, Hudson B. C.; F. G. Gurney, Manhattan A. C.; W. H. Griffin, M. A. C.; J. A. D. Queckberner, Scottish-American A. C.; F. Sherwood and G. Vetterlein. Phillips won by a quarter second less than three minutes in 43m. 53¼s.; Sherwood second, Griffin third.

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—This club will have a skating-race at their Rink (Eighth av., 56th and 57th sts.), on Saturday evening, Jan. 11, at 8 o'clock; distance, one mile; open to all amateurs. Entrance fee, 50cts. Gold medals to first, and silver medals to second. There will also be an exhibition of fancy skating by experts. Entries close at the Rink on the day of the race.

A ONE MILE RACE on skates, open to all amateurs, will take place on Saturday, Jan. 11, at 7 P. M., at the Manhattan Rink, cor. Fifty-sixth street and Eighth avenue.

CRICKET.

THE ST. GEORGE CLUB.

Secretary Marsh of the St. George Club of this city has sent us in a copy of the annual statistical report of the club, from which it is seen that the season of 1878 was marked by the playing of sixteen matches, of which all but three were first-eleven contests, though not more than half of the regular first eleven of the club participated in them as a general thing, the turn-out for practice being very limited. The match committee frequently had considerable difficulty in getting the first eleven together, and for that reason several second-eleven players had to be put in first-eleven contests. Among those who were the most frequent in their attendance were Messrs. Marsh, Moeran, Bance and Sleigh of the first eleven. The record for 1878 follows:

FIRST ELEVEN MATCHES.

May 30, at Hoboken, vs. Philadelphia C. C., drawn on account of rain.
June 5, at Hoboken, vs. Manhattan C. C., won on score of first inning by 163 runs.
June 22, at Hoboken, vs. Longwood C. C. of Boston, drawn on account of rain.
July 3 and 4, at Hoboken, vs. Young America C. C. of Philadelphia, lost by one inning and 21 runs.
July 6, at Hoboken, vs. Paterson United C. C. of Paterson, N. J., won on first inning by 39 runs.
July 13, at Staten Island, vs. Staten Island C. C., lost on first inning by 30 runs.
July 18, at Prospect Park, vs. Manhattan C. C., lost on first inning by 32 runs.
July 29, at Hoboken, vs. Peninsula C. C. of Detroit, lost by one inning and three runs.
July 31, at Hoboken, vs. Merion C. C. of Philadelphia, drawn on account of rain.
Sept. 7, at Hoboken vs. Paterson United C. C., lost on first inning by 3 runs.
Sept. 12, at Hoboken, vs. Staten Island C. C., won on first inning by 21 runs.
Oct. 19, at Albany, vs. Albany C. C., won by one inning and 99 runs.
Oct. 20, at Hoboken, vs. Albany C. C., won on first inning by 151 runs.
Won, 5: lost, 5; drawn, 3. Total, 13.

SECOND ELEVEN MATCHES.

June 8, at Staten Island, vs. Staten Island C. C., drawn on account of rain.
June 29, at Staten Island, vs. Staten Island C. C., lost by 5 wickets.
Oct. 10, at Hoboken, vs. Manhattan C. C., lost on score of first inning by 41 runs.

FIRST-ELEVEN MATCHES.—BATTING AVERAGES.

	Matches.	Innings.	Not Out.	Most in an Inn.	Least in a Match.	Total Runs.	Average.
J. R. Moore	3	3	0	81	81	122	40 66
A Marsh	10	13	3	75	75	264	26.40
R. J. Cross	4	6	1	41	41	119	23.80
G. Hyde Clarke	2	3	0	31	37	68	22.66
E. H. Moeran	11	14	1	73	73	172	13.23
J. P. Connover	7	10	1	67	67	99	11.
G. Giles, Prot	12	16	0	46	46	170	10.62
L. J. Grant	2	2	1	6	10	10	10.
J. J. Soutter	4	5	0	19	19	46	9 20
B. Jones	3	4	0	23	23	33	8.25
C. W. Bance	12	16	1	23	33	121	8.06
W. H. Kopes	6	7	0	35	35	50	7.50
E. Frazer	3	3	0	18	25	30	7.50
E. W. Stevens	2	2	0	9	9	11	5.50
T. C. Richardson	2	2	0	9	9	10	5.
J. Giles, Jr	2	2	0	7	7	10	5.
C. J. Hartman	2	2	1	5	5	5	5.
J. Harcombe	3	4	0	16	16	20	5.
J. B. Sleigh	10	13	2	12	12	52	4 72
F. M. Hausling	3	4	0	13	13	14	3.50
G. E. Moore	3	4	0	8	10	15	3.75
B. Mostyn	3	4	1	7	7	9	3.
M. H. Talbot	8	10	1	7	7	18	2.
S. E. Hosford	3	4	0	3	5	7	1.75
A. L. Holman	2	2	0	1	1	1	1.
D. S. Gilbert	1	1	0	1	1	1	1.

Dr. McDonald, D. P. Ketchum, P. Westfeldt, J. W. Smith, G. Armstrong and H. Campbell also played in one match each.

SECOND-ELEVEN MATCHES.—BATTING AVERAGES.

	Matches.	Innings.	Not Out.	Most in an Inn.	Least in a Match.	Total Runs.	Average.
G. Hyde Clarke	2	3	1	21	37	55	27.5
J. B. Sleigh	2	3	0	41	41	64	21.33
G. Giles Jr	3	5	2	25	29	57	19.
H. Campbell	2	3	1	22	22	34	17.
W. H. Kopes	3	5	1	38	39	59	14.75
M. H. Talbot	2	3	0	16	17	18	6
N. W. Harrison	2	3	1	9	12	12	6.
T. C. Richardson	3	4	0	13	13	20	5.
P. Westfeldt	1	2	0	9	9	9	4 50
J. J. Grant	1	2	0	4	4	4	2.
M. H. Percy	1	1	0	1	1	1	1.
J. H. Smith	1	1	0	0	0	0	0.

FIRST-ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Innings.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs Per Wicket.	Wickets Per Inn'g
E. H. Moeran	17	1166	67	7.7	2.93
E. Frazer	3	138	8	5.25	2.66
J. T. Soutter	5	426	16	7.84	3.8
E. W. Stevens	4	82	4	4.66	1.5
W. H. Kopes	6	172	11	4.88	2.25
G. Giles (Prof.)	12	576	21	12.11	1.41
A. Marsh	7	293	8	10.35	1.57
C. W. Bance	3	60	2	8.5	1.33
B. Jones	4	178	3	35.	0.5
R. J. Cross	2	66	3	0	0
Totals	61	3157	143	8.73	2.

Messrs. Hosford and Sleigh also bowled in one inning each.

SECOND-ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Innings.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs per Wicket.	Wickets Per Inn.
T. C. Richardson	4	208	6	8.00	2.25
G. Hyde Clarke	2	160	4	8.12	4.00
W. H. Kopes	3	78	1	11.66	1.00
G. Giles, Jr	3	153	5	11.66	1.33
H. Campbell	2	78	5	13.06	1.00
Totals	15	677	23	8.85	1.86

The committee's report says that they take pleasure in stating that the number of members has increased, and that notwithstanding the wet weather at the beginning of the season, which caused several matches to be drawn, the club played thirteen matches, of which it won five, lost five, and drew three. There was a good attendance on practice days, but the frequent absence of the members of the First Eleven was to be regretted, and sufficiently explains the low rate of batting averages for the season. The club was visited by the Peninsula Club of Detroit, and by a new club from Albany; also by the Philadelphia, Young America and Merion Clubs of Philadelphia. Matches with the Longwood Club at Boston and Albany Club at Albany were the only foreign matches played, the Match Committee being unable to get a team together to play return matches with the Philadelphia clubs. The match with the Australian Eleven, in October, though the eighteen were defeated, proved a success in a cricketing point of view, and, judging from the number of people who visited the ground, the interest in the game has greatly increased since the last All England match. The fielding on our side was particularly good—in fact, the Australians admitted they had never seen better. The committee would strongly urge the members to increase the list of junior members as much as possible, as the club is in want of new strength.

THE YOUNG AMERICA CLUB.

The champion cricket club of America, the Young America of Germantown, passed through the season of 1878 without losing a first-eleven match, and they played against the St. George and Manhattan Clubs of New York and the Germantown, Merion and Philadelphia Clubs of Philadelphia. They won eight out of nine matches, having a drawn game with the Philadelphia Club. Their record for the season is as follows:

FIRST ELEVEN.

May 18, vs. Germantown, at Turnpike Bridge, won on first inning by 8 runs.
June 15, vs. Merion, at Turnpike Bridge, won on first inning by 50 runs.
June 29, vs. Chestnut Hill, at Chestnut Hill, won on first inning by 107 runs.
July 3, 4, vs. St. George's, at Hoboken, won by one inning and 21 runs.
July 5, vs. Manhattan, at Turnpike Bridge, won on first inning by 199 runs.
Aug. 31, vs. Belmont, at Turnpike Bridge, won on first inning by 111 runs.
Sept. 7, vs. Philadelphia, at Nicetown, drawn.
Sept. 21, vs. Merion, at Ardmore, won on first inning by 33 runs.
Oct. 19, vs. Germantown, at Nicetown, won on first inning by 33 runs.

SECOND ELEVEN.

April 27, vs. Merion, at Turnpike Bridge, won on first inning by 40 runs.
May 11, vs. Germantown, at Turnpike Bridge, won on first inning by 87 runs.
June 10, vs. Wakefield, at Turnpike Bridge, lost on first inning by 14 runs.
June 26, vs. Wakefield, at Turnpike Bridge, won by 76 runs.
July 4, vs. St. Timothy, at Turnpike Bridge, tie
Aug. 31, vs. Germantown, at Nicetown, lost on first inning by 13 runs.
Sept. 7, vs. Merion, at Ardmore, lost by 34 runs.
Sept. 14, vs. Philadelphia, at Turnpike Bridge, won by 86 runs.
Sept. 21, vs. Belmont, at Turnpike Bridge, won on first inning by 11 runs.
Oct. 12, vs. Germantown, at Turnpike Bridge, won by one inning and 103 runs.

BATTING AVERAGES.—FIRST ELEVEN.

	Matches.	Innings.	Not Out.	Most in an Inn.	Times One Inn'g.	Tot'l Runs.	Aver. age.
D. S. Newhall	9	11	2	83	329	36.5	
John Large	2	2	0	39	66	33.	
C. A. Newhall	9	10	2	88	231	28.7	
Geo. M. Newhall	9	10	1	76	186	20.6	
R. Loper Baird	7	7	1	39	116	19 2	
R. Walter Clark	2	2	0	22	28	14.	
J. A. Wright Jr	2	2	0	12	26	13.	
H. S. Newhall	3	3	0	29	134	11 2	
H. B. Davis	6	7	0	31	79	11.2	
W. N. Johnson	3	5	0	27	51	10.2	
H. L. Brown	7	9	1	37	76	9 4	
F. C. Pease	3	3	0	10	28	9 1	
Charles Gibbons Jr	9	11	2	17	74	8.2	
A. Van Rensselaer	5	5	0	37	42	8.2	
J. O. Pease Jr	4	5	2	18	18	6.	
G. Clark	3	3	0	6	12	6.	
R. M. Davis Jr	2	2	1	4	6	6.	
A. P. Sussier	4	4	0	11	23	5.5	
C. M. Clark	4	4	0	19	22	5.2	

SECOND ELEVEN.

J. C. Pease, Jr	5	9	3	*43	151	25.1
C. M. Clark	6	10	0	101	149	14 9
H. Latimer Bird	7	11	0	34	137	12.5
H. B. Thompson	2	4	0	20	43	10.3
Jos. Clark	9	13	2	*37	104	9.5
Hazen Brown	6	9	0	25	82	9.1
W. N. Johnson	8	13	1	*25	103	8.7
L. C. Thompson	9	13	3	30	86	8.6
W. W. Noble	3	4	1	*12	24	8.
Thos. E. Baxter Jr	9	15	1	23	99	7.1
Chas. G Wright	3	4	0	18	26	6.2
W. D. Churen	3	4	2	5	12	6.
E. A. Woolston	9	15	0	16	56	3.1
R. K. Wright Jr	5	9	2	10	26	3.5
Robt. Gowen	8	13	6	9	31	4.3
Ernest Wright	7	11	1	14	32	3.2
Alfred Mellor	3	7	0	8	19	2.5
W. Knight Jr	4	4	0	2	3	

* Not out.

The following played in one match: Rodman Winter, 26; W. Peterson, 8; Morris Waln, 7; H. B. Davis, 5; Jos. Tiers, 3; G. A. Dunning, 3; Prescott Adamson, 2; W. Whitby, 0.

BOWLING ANALYSIS—FIRST ELEVEN.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	No Balls.	Wides.	Average.
C. M. Clark	84	23	3	4	0	0	5.1
E. W. Clark	96	38	2	2	0	0	19.
H. B. Davis	426	17		9	10		13.
C. A. Newhall	1320	91					6.17
D. S. Newhall	1251	182					9.31
Geo. M. Newhall	78	15	0	2	0	0	9.

CRICKET IN AUSTRALIA.—On Dec. 12 the English team of cricketers under Lord Harris met a team of sixteen of Australia in Adelaide, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators, and after a well played match the English twelve won, with four wickets to fall. The Australians led off with a score of 138, which the Englishmen offset with 188, 12 more by contributing 76 by splendid play. In the second inning the home team ran up a good 137, and then the English team topped the score with the loss of but six wickets. On Dec. 17 the English team reached Melbourne, and the next day began practice for their grand three days' match with Gregory's Australian twelve, which was appointed to commence the day after Christmas. The tourists on their arrival from San Francisco were the recipients of quite an ovation at the hands of their Melbourne friends.

BASEBALL.

BASEBALL IS TROY.

The action of the new Troy Club in applying for admission to the League has been taken exception to by a large number of the patrons of the game in Troy and Lansingburg, on the grounds that it will prevent the exciting series of matches with the rival club of Albany, the latter organization not being in the League, and League clubs being prohibited from playing with outside teams during the championship season. A correspondent thus commenis on the matter: "President Hulburt of the National League has appointed Messrs. Neff of Cincinnati, Evans of Cleveland, and White of Syracuse a committee of three to look into the standing of the Troy Citys before they are admitted to the League. Should Troy join the League, there will be a strong feeling of rivalry between it and Syracuse, for the reason that Syracuse does not think the Troy Citys are as 'strong as their nine. But wait and see if the T. C.'s don't knock McCormick all over the field in 1879, the same as the other League nines will certainly do if he don't show up better than he did the latter part of 1878. The general opinion among professionals is that the Syracuse Club is weak in catcher, pitcher and third-base positions. Bradley, Reilly, McManus and Caskins will go in practice in this city about March 15. The others will be here April 1. T. Mansell and Critchley of the Albanys are daily practicing in the gymnasium at Auburn. The directors of the Troy Citys are Gardner Earl (of well-known firm of Earl & Wilson), Jas. McQuide (prominent brush-maker of Lansingburg), C. H. Dauchy (president of Lansingburg and of the oil firm of C. H. Dauchy & Brother, Troy, O. R. Proseus (City Clerk and city editor *Troy Daily Times*), Hon. F. N. Mann Jr. (capitalist and Member of Assembly), Le Grand C. Cramer (retired capitalist of Troy), and Fred E. Draper (a leading cigar-manufacturer of Troy). These gentlemen are ready to answer any questions the League may put to them; but as to showing books, subscription-list (which is now $6,400), etc., that they will not do. Their pride will not permit of it. Besides, there are gentlemen who have subscribed to the club who do not care to have their names known. If the Syracuse and other clubs have as sound backing as Troy, they are very fortunate, while we are sure that the former has not the amount subscribed that Troy has. During the past week the Troy City directors made an assessment of $25 on each $100 subscription—$15 payable on or before Feb. 1, and $10 on or before March 1. Al Spalding of Chicago spent a couple of hours with Manager Phillips in this city during the past week. He was looking well and hearty. It is said that Manager Phillips will retire from the baseball business at the close of the coming season, having been offered a good mercantile position by a friend who is in business at Havana, Cuba. Mrs. P. is spending the Winter at Rochester, N. Y. She buried her father at Hornellsville recently."

THE LEAGUE TEAMS OF 1879.

With the Troy Club—of the election of which into the League there is now but little doubt—eight clubs will enter the championship arena of the League Association, and all with more or less strong teams, as the appended list of players will show: Cincinnati—W. White, J. White, McVey, Parnes, Gerhardt, Burke, Dickerson, Hotaling, Kelley, W. B. Foley. Boston—Bond, Snyder, Morrill, Burdock, Sutton, Houck, Jones, J. O'Rourke, Hawes, Foley. Providence—Ward, Brown, Start, McGeary, Hague, Wright, York, Hines, O'Rourke, Mathews. Chicago—Larkin, Flint, Anson, Quest, Hankinson, Peters, Dalrymple, Gore, Shaffer, Williamson, Harbidge. Buffalo—Galvin, Clapp, Libby, Fulmer, Richardson, Force, Crowley, Eggler, Hornung, McGonigle. Syracuse—McCormick, Dorgan, Carpenter, Farrell, Allen, Richmond, Mansell, Purcell, Kelley, Macullar. Troy—Bradley, Reilly, Clapp, Hawkes, Doscher, Caskins, Manseli, Hall, Evans, Shoupe, McManus. Cleveland—Mitchell, Kennedy, Phillips, Brief, Glasscock, Carey, Riley, Warner, Eden, McCormick.

IN NATICK, MASS., on Jan. 1, 1879, a meeting of baseball men was held at the Wilson House, and a new co-operative club was organized with a capital of $1,500, all subscribed at the meeting. The following are the nines: Frank Allen of Hudson, c.; Edward Shaughnessy of Hudson, p.; Robert J. Ryan of Hudson, 1st b.; Michael F. Lynch of Boston, 2d b.; Thomas H. Gill of Brooklyn, N. Y., 3d b.; Frank B. Cox of Waltham, s. s.; Ed. J. Calahan of Boston, l. f. and change pitcher; Sten Conway of Lowell, c. f. and change catcher: Norman Hemenway of So. Framingham, r. f.; Henry Porter of Webster, substitute. Last year's grounds proving too small, new grounds will be fitted up. These men will not be paid, and the team will probably enter for the junior championship of Eastern Massachusetts.

THE THIRD ANNUAL BALL of the Enterprise Club will take place at Irving Hall, this city, on Friday evening, Jan. 31. The officers and members are striving hard to make the affair a grand success. Extensive preparations are being made, and elegant imported orders of dancing will be given to each lady in the grand march. The music will be furnished by Prof. Stack.

CURLING.

There will be a gala week of curling on the Central Park lake, Seventy-first street, this city, beginning on Jan. 7, when the grand annual contest for the Dalrymple medal, known as the North and South match, will take place. On the 8th the Albany Club will play their match with the St. Andrews Club of this city, and on Thursday, the 9th, the Inter-State match—New Jersey vs. New York—for the Hamilton medal will take place. On Saturday the grand match between American and Scotch casters of the metropolis will end the week's events. On Jan. 4 the New York Club played its point medal match, W. Houston winning this medal with a record of six points. The St. Andrew's Club also played their point medal match, the same day, J. Henderson winning with a score of eight points. The ice at the Central Park lake was cleared of snow on Jan. 3, and on the 4th nine rinks of curlers were on the lake practicing for the events of this week, the clubs including St. Andrews, Caledonian, Thistle, New York, Manhattan, and Empire City.

PLAY AT ST. JOHN, N. B.—The series of games for the rink medal of the St. Andrews Club were concluded Dec. 31, Skip Snyder defeating Skip. Melick by a score of 24 to 18. Three games were played on the last inst. by members of the same club. The first was won by Skip J. White defeating Skip M. Lindsay by a score of 20 to 10; in the second, Skip A. O. Skinner beat Skip C. Y. Gregory by 18 to 12; and the third was taken by Skip W. Snider, defeating D. J. McLoughlin, 12 to 9. On the same day the Thistle Club members had some sport, a game for the rink medal being won by Skip J. Dunlop, scoring 26 to Skip G. T. Purves' 7, and in scrub games Skip Disbrow defeated Skip Duff by a score of 12 to 5, and the rink led by Skip H. J. Thore scored 18 shots to 10 by Skip Andrew Malcolm.

THE OLD HEADS defeated the Young Heads in a curling match at Utica, N. Y., Jan. 1. Score, 24 to 14; time, 3h. John McLean was skip of the winning side, and W. F. Allen of the losers.

THE TRIGGER.

EDMUNDS RESIGNS THE BADGE.

The winner of the glass-ball-championship badge at the recent tourney sends us the subjoined letter:

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 4, 1879.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* In your issue of this date I find a challenge to me, as winner of the "Champion Badge of America for Glass-ball Shooting," from Capt. Bogardus (on behalf of his son). I am a lover of field sports, and, being in New York during the tournament, I attended it and took part in the glass-ball contest merely for a day's recreation and to compare my ability in this class of shooting with that of the noted shots present. When the match began I had no hope of winning, and probably no one was more surprised than I at my success.

On the evening of the same day (Friday, Dec. 27), at the Astor House, I was presented with the medal, and expressed my desire to resign it, as under no circumstances would I consent to use it in a public match or shoot for money; neither did I wish any publicity. I therefore return the medal to Capt. Bogardus, with great pleasure, and trust that his gifted son may find many worthy competitors.

Permit me this opportunity to thank Capt. B., the contestants, the members of the press, and several gentlemen from the "gun clubs" for the many courtesies shown me during the tournament. They all endeavored to make this, my first and last public match, one which I can recall with only pleasant memories. Yours truly,

W. M. EDMUNDS.

KNICKERBOCKER GUN CLUB.

A team match was shot by members of this club on the club grounds at Port Morris, N. Y., on New-Year's day. Conditions: each side to shoot at 300 glass balls, sprung from traps, 30 yards rise. As will be seen by the score which follows Potter's side won.

W. Potter, Jr. (Capt.)	34	F. Henshaw (Capt.)	37
D. Caughlan	25	A. Jacques	43
A. Stelake	25	A. Miller	71
C. Baker	29	T. Nixon	23
W. Fulton	31	C. Reynolds	30
J. R. Coles	30	J. Desnerlein	40
Total	197	Total	194

Referee, J. Greeley; Scorer, A. Myers.

CAPT. A. H. BOGARDUS this week, Jan. 8 and 9, attempts the feat of breaking 6,000 glass balls out of 6,300 to be shot at at Gilmore's Garden, this city. He also advertises a bet of $100 against $1,000 that he breaks 6,000 without a miss, shooting at 3,000 each day. He likewise gives Abe Kleinman, champion of the Chicago Gun Club, 300 broken balls in 1,000—to be shot at the last 1,000 each day. Distance 16 yards, and hang and miss fires to have another shot. Shooting commences at 11 A. M.

MR. PASTELLO made seven bull's-eyes in succession—a full score—in an off-hand shoot at 300 yards, at Washington, D. C., Jan. 1.

BILLIARDS.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY the partnership between Tom Flynn and Peter Marron was dissolved. The noted room in Park row will hereafter, we presume, be conducted by Marron alone. TIM IS his retirement is accompanied by his brother Cornelius. The partnership between Marron and Flynn had existed almost continuously since 1866. Tom succeeded Melvin Foster, who, after playing one of his match-games in Montreal with Joseph Dion, went as far as Quebec, got snowed in, and was supposed to have been frozen to death. As a boy Tim worked in the Park row room where it was owned by Roberts. He will certainly be missed there.

A FIFTEEN BALL-POOL tournament for the announced championship of Indiana was begun at Crescent Hall, Indianapolis, Jan. 2. The following contestants entered: Al. Hawkins, Geo. Morris, Wm. McCarthy, Levi Weiler, W. Goul, D. E. Whitney, H. B Gough, Chas. Eden. The match will continue fifteen days....."Yank" Adams was in that city Jan.

REVISITATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALLIE.

The lights are out,
And now the cells of night,
Like the birds when they flout
Their wings, then cease in flight,
Has gathered all about.

The play is o'er,
And mimic life otherwise has fled,
Perchance, to Plutonia's midnight shore,
Or where worldly and unthinking dead,
On earth's great floor.

A light reigns the gloom,
Breaking from pit to dome,
A phosphorescent glare from tomb
Of the famous dead, whose home
Was bounded by this room.

And ghostly sounds the tread
Where ghostly feet belong,
While forms of the mighty dead
In mingling shadows throng:
A play is to be read.

A ghostly, sad refrain,
Breaks from a spirit-band—
Melodious utterings of the brain
Of souls in another land.
Now plays of death will reign.

Oh, how terrible to sight
Is their pantomimic stare,
The horror of the light
Of the lurid flaming glare,
Death eyes that me affright.

A madman's hollow cry
Breaks out in phrenzied tone.
O God! nor soul is nigh,
And I am all alone;
The rude disturber I.

O Heaven! the awful dread,
The shades stern as rage,
As if the flitting dead
Would all their grief assuage,
By casting on my head!

DRIFTING TO DOOM;
OR,
A MAZY MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WM. R. EYSTER,

Author of "King Dick, A Tale of New Orleans and St. Louis," "Branded and Mark'd," "Wild Nat's Brigade," "Tomahawk," "The Free Trapper's Pass," "Through War and Fire," "The Haunted Hunter," etc.

ENTERED IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY FRANK QUEEN, IN THE YEAR 1878.

CHAPTER XVIII.—SCOTT BOYD'S DISGUST.

When Scott Boyd was shown to his room by Dr. Williams, he scarcely felt inclined to sleep. The events which he had just been philosophizing for the benefit of his employer were fresh in his mind, and he felt some sort of satisfaction in revolving them. As an excellent detective, Boyd was, of course, a very useful member of society, and was correspondingly well thought of by those other members of society who might have need for his services; but, conversely, society was to him exactly what he could make of it, with the usual per-cent. off. In other words, he had a very poor opinion of the individuals comprising that society, since most of those with whom he had anything to do seemed to be either rogues, plotters or villains; and it very often happened that it was the bigger rogue who employed him to hunt the lesser one down.

Scott Boyd delighted in unraveling the meshes of a mysterious or financially magnificent crime from pure love of the work; but at the same time it is doubtful whether he had any warmer feelings for the man he hunted for than for the man he hunted. He had his traits of honor, to be sure. When he once started on a trail he might, indeed, withdraw if he did not like the course which developments were taking; but it was almost an absolute certainty that he would not turn again and rend his employer.

Just now he felt some little interest in getting at the true reasons for which Dr. Caleb Williams had employed him. He had but little time to investigate the private affairs of Williams, so that his speculations had never gone farther than a few half-formed conjectures, which, when he tried to crystallize them into shape, proved too unsubstantial to stand the handling necessary to a close inspection.

He sat upon his bedside for a few moments and pondered. Then the soft couch began to lure him, his train of thought suddenly became broken, and he thought of sleep. It seemed to him his eyes were tired, that perhaps if he laid himself down and closed his eyelids, as he had often done to think the more closely, he might be better able to grasp the little ends which barely protruded from the knotted skein. Accordingly, he threw himself back at full length, his form sank into the soft bed, he closed his eyes, Dr. Williams danced once or twice across his plane of vision—and then came sleep.

Yet just at that hazy moment, when the borders of the world of waking touched the borders of the world of dreams, he half thought, half dreamed, that he heard a noise without his window. Had it come a moment sooner, there is no doubt that he would have leaped to his feet to listen or to explore. As it was, the swing of the pendulum was towards dreamland, and with it he swung.

A few moments later, as he was becoming more firmly fixed in his sleep, a masked face appeared at the window, and a pair of eyes peered into the room.

After a few moments' waiting the masked man came more fully into a possible view, as if mounting a ladder cautiously, and round by round the man brought first his shoulders, then his chest, into sight. Then he stepped lightly into the room. This person was stout and brawny, with rough, coarse clothes, of a style and shape not easily identified, and over his face was drawn a cowl which completely concealed his features from view, but through a pair of holes in the upper part two bright, restless eyes shot sharp glances into every part of the room, commencing at the bed which held the other occupant, and, after sweeping around, ended there once more. Apparently the intruder was fully satisfied with the results of his inspection. He turned, and, leaning out of the window, threw open a small white cloth, which he held in his hand. Fluttering this once or twice, he allowed it to drop from his grasp, and it went tumbling downward.

In a brief space of time two other men, clad in much the same way as the first, came cautiously up the ladder and entered the room. The three stole on tiptoe to the bed. In what followed there was no hesitation or break. With a boldness that was almost reckless they seized, gagged and bound the sleeping man. Without a word being spoken, Boyd was lifted in a dazed condition and borne rapidly to the window. On first awakening, the surprise of the detective was unbounded. Instinctively he attempted to reach for the weapon which he always carried in his hip-pocket, but the attempt at once awakened him thoroughly, and made him aware of his condition. Finding that he was unable to move or to cry out, his self-possession did not altogether desert him, and he scanned narrowly the dimly-seen outline of the men who held him in their grasp. The result was unsatisfactory in a double sense. He could not see the men sufficiently clearly to be able to identify them thereafter; and what he did see was by no means reassuring, since in the cowled faces and burly forms he could distinguish just enough to convince him that he had fallen into the hands of three desperadoes who were intent upon some violence, and were doubtless reckless as to consequences. The cool detective could not but admire the power of the arms which bore him so easily and swung him so lightly down the ladder. He marked this even while he was debating within himself what this might mean—whether this was a case of private vengeance, speculative abduction, or mistaken identity. If it was simply speculation, he did not care so much; but in either of the other cases it might go hard with him unless he could find opportunity to explain or temporize. Once the idea that perhaps Dr. Williams, having obtained what information he wanted, was putting him quietly out of the way by the hands of some of his miners. This idea did not seem to have much probability, and was given up almost as soon as entertained.

The men reached the ground, the ladder was withdrawn, and, without halt or explanation, Boyd was ordered to march. Hanging back did no good. When he shook his head and signified that it was his intention not to proceed, the leader of the gang produced a pistol with a gesture that settled the matter at once. It was such a villainous-looking weapon—one of the old-fashioned Allen's, commonly known as "pepper-boxes"—and the man flourished it with such a bloodthirsty grace, that Scott Boyd immediately felt impelled to put his best foot foremost, and march along without hesitation.

The little party proceeded for some time over a road of moderate excellence. Coming at length to the end of the clear ground which surrounded the mansion, a temporary halt was called, which was made the occasion for binding Boyd's eyes with a cowl drawn over his head and tied with a string under his chin, the eye-holes being arranged upon the back of his head. If it was dark before, it was doubly dark now, and during the apparently long and certainly tiresome tramp that followed Boyd was a prey to a variety of conflicting emotions, none of them of the most pleasant character. He knew full well of the little value set upon life in these regions, and there was little of jest in any mummery which the dwellers in the coal-regions might see fit to employ. In sickening suspense, then, he stumbled on, either of his shoulders being held in the restraining and directing grasp of a man, whilst the third strode ahead with a steady step.

At length the pressure of the two hands upon his shoulders told him to stop, an invitation of which he did not hesitate a moment to avail himself. The cowl was still near his face, his hands were behind his back, knotted together at the wrists. Whatever was to come next, he could do or say nothing. Intuitively he guessed that there were now others than his captors near, and he awaited the result with some resignation and a great deal of trembling. A voice, so deep-toned as to be evidently disguised, addressed him:

"You have been reported as one who, to serve selfish ends, is attempting to do great harm. You are charged with being a spy. You are here to breed dissatisfaction and cause trouble. You would embroil the very men whom it is your sworn duty to aid and protect with their employers, of whom you are one. We ask for no excuse—deny the right of defense; this is to give you a warning. For various reasons we have not taken a more public method; if anything, this ought to be more effective. It will show you that, once a marked man, no spot in all this region can be one of safety for you. In the midnight privacy of your own apartments or in the open glare of day, waking or sleeping, alone or in the crowd, once set yourself in opposition to us and you will always be shadowed by invisible foes until stricken down by the hand that might have protected you. Do you believe me?"

Scott Boyd believed. He had no hesitation about giving an affirmative nod of his head when the speaker paused as if for an answer.

"You say you do, and without a doubt you speak truly. For the present no bodily harm is intended, but for the future your conduct will be watched. You and those around you put under the mark. There will be no failures and no mistakes, just as now there are no threats. We tell you that our eyes are upon you, that there will be no more notice given. We shall take you a reasonable distance from this spot and turn you loose; that is all."

Scott Boyd was well satisfied that his adventure seemed to be ending in comparative tameness, and bowed his head in heartfelt appreciation of the mercy that was to turn him adrift with no greater harm done than a good scare, and a few threats conveyed in rather a gentlemanly manner. His bow provoked no further notice, the low-toned voice spoke no more; but a whisper in his ear told him to march, and again the grip of the two hands was put upon his shoulders, and he knew that he was being conducted from the spot.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DETECTIVE SEES A STAR IN THE WOODS.

The men who led Scott Boyd away from the presence of the secret conclave did not halt for some time. They directed his steps hither and thither for a quarter of an hour or more, with an evident intention to confuse him. They finally drew the cowl from his head, giving him a chance to see whither he was going, but left his hands still bound together, so that, in case he might have any idea of following, or demanding an explanation, his crippled condition might prevent the thought from being carried out.

Although removing from his face the blind which had so far prevented his seeing anything which might be going on around him was a very thoughtful act, it did not really do Boyd much good. The darkness around him was still sufficiently thick to make him fearful of proceeding. He looked around him, and could distinguish no pathway that he could follow, no landmark which would serve to point out the direction he should take. Whether to go up hill or down, or even how to distinguish which was up hill and which was down, he could not even guess. He knew, however, that there was a journey before him of more or less difficulty, and also, he feared, of some danger. Pitfalls and chasms were to be met with in this mountainous region, and he knew not what moment one might open under his feet. He stumbled on a few rods when he first received his freedom, then halted. The trees flung a dark and impenetrable canopy over his head, shutting out the guide-stars of the north. All points of the compass were to him alike, and he remembered how one fairly lost will travel around and around in a circle. No doubt that would be his fate for the remainder of the night, if he persisted in going forward; yet what better could he do?

Again he attempted to take up his line of march. Before he had gone a dozen steps a fallen bough caught his foot; and, when he made an instinctive motion to throw out his bound hands to protect himself, the movement made the upsetting of his equilibrium an absolute certainty. Luckily the head of the detective struck in a comparatively soft place. Unhurt, he managed to rise to a sitting posture. Moving his shoulders about, they struck against the trunk of a tree; and, without more ado, he braced himself against this tree and deliberately resigned himself to inaction during the remainder of the night.

Before long Boyd had succeeded in withdrawing his thoughts almost entirely from the trials and vexations of his present position and fixing it inquiringly upon the singular adventures with which he had just met. That he, a professional detective, who prided himself upon his strength, courage and shrewdness, should have been seized and carried away, was a bitter pill to swallow; but, admitting the necessity for doing so, the question was how to draw the most profit from the dose. Doubtless there was a purpose in the affair, and it required no particular acuteness in Boyd to imagine what it was. He was satisfied now that the extraordinary care he exercised in approaching Summit Lodge a few hours before was labor thrown away, or rather applied skill that was followed by very unfortunate results. The men who had taken all this trouble were doubtless members of a secret order, and had mistaken him for someone else. If so, he knew no one but Dr. Williams whom they would have an interest in treating thus. Thinking that Williams was alone in the upper part of the house, they had waited until they saw the light of someone retiring in an upper room, and then made that room an object of attack.

Having thus settled in his mind the causes that led to the adventure, Boyd began to consider the question of possible profit to himself, and he certainly decided to collect an extra fee from Williams for having been his proxy in this antagonistic meeting.

A man can think of a great deal when sitting, with his hands bound, alone in a wilderness at midnight, and Boyd probably thought of more in five minutes than he would have done in more comfortable quarters in an hour. It grew monotonous, this sitting in silence. He tried to go to sleep, and could not. He rose to his feet to attempt moving onwards again, and found that he dared not. So he reseated himself and resolutely resolved to remain in position inactive until morning dawned.

How long he might have kept in this notion can only be conjectured, although it is probable that a few moments would have found him as nervously anxious as ever to be in motion. His cogitations were, however, broken in upon and diverted into a new channel. It seemed to him that he saw away in the distance through the woods a star. This star appeared suddenly, and for a moment was of a dull white, and of no great magnitude. As Boyd watched it it grew in size and increased in brightness. Through some fortuitous rift in the forest it cast a long line of light to the very feet of the astonished man, who looked at the strange phenomenon at first with wonder, then with a feeling akin to positive fear. Springing to his feet, Scott Boyd looked eagerly forward a moment at the light, then dropped his glance down along the illuminated pathway between it and himself, making as he did so the more clearly revealed conformation of the ground, and the obstacles which were to be shunned or surmounted. Having done this, he once more started forward, but this time with no uncertain step. He had at last an objective point in view, and was willing to take a few tumbles provided he could reach it speedily.

As he dashed along the course, which looked interminable, he was reflecting, remembering. His personal interests were uppermost in his mind, and at this minute he was more angry at himself for having allowed the band of probably illiterate men to whisk him off in so ridiculous a manner than he had been at any other time since the deed was done.

The star changed to a red flare, that broadened and deepened and lit up the woods almost as brightly as sunshine would have done; streamers and dancers seemed to shoot out and up like the corona of the Aurora Borealis. So soon as to be surprising, the edge of the timber line was reached. The journey that at first seemed endless resolved itself into a question of a few rods. The files of trunks and canopy of branches disappeared, and Scott Boyd, with his hands still bound, ran straight forward across the clear, open space which surrounded the flaming pile until now known as Summit Lodge.

"Fire!"

He uttered the cry from force of habit, and then laughed bitterly. A glance told him that the stately old mansion was past praying for. The long, red tongues of flames were flashing out and in at the windows, and licked viciously up the sides of the building that yet showed vast and stately in their glow and glare. No aid of man could be of value in the case.

As he approached still nearer he saw that even in that lonely locality spectators had been attracted to the scene of conflagration. A dozen or more men and women were around the front of the building, some looking on in a dazed, aimless way, others doing what little they could to save property, either from the house or from its immediate vicinity.

Boyd forgot for the moment his pinioned condition and the singular impression which his appearance might make upon those who saw him. His eye singled out the windows of the room in which he had been installed for the night, and he saw that the room was yet uninvaded by the fire. He paused and looked upward. A fearful cry came from the burning building. At the sound three men broke away from the little crowd and hurried towards the spot. Without pause or hesitation, they grappled with the long ladder which lay underneath the window, and with speed and strength swung it up and against the wall. As it touched, at the open window above there appeared an arm which reached out and clutched downward, as if the body within was swinging from the window-sill. Then Michael the Irishman came into sight. With little grace and much haste he came through the open window, and in a moment it was seen that he was dragging a body after him.

As Michael stepped upon the ladder and drew through the frame this scorched, blackened, writhing thing, great blasts of smoke and flame came roaring out after him, as if angrily ravenous for the escaping prey. He did not heed this, however, but swung the body coolly across his shoulder, and slowly and with care continued his descent of the ladder. When, however, he reached the bottom, where he and his freight were assured of safety, he suddenly dropped senseless to the ground in a dead faint.

CHAPTER XX.—THE ESCAPE.

We left Annie Alden and Charles Taylor gliding in the darkness away from Summit Lodge.

"There is a dog here somewhere," whispered Annie; "but I think I have made him my friend. If he puts in an appearance, let me try to manage him. He is a dog of sense as well as size."

"Very well, if you are certain of your ability, though I think a club would be safer. His first outcry may ruin us. I saw the animal, and I cannot say that he impressed me very favorably."

"Oh, I can make him be still. Listen! I should not be surprised if he was coming now."

But the dog did not come, for the very good reason that he had been quieted some time before in a very effective and permanent manner. The slight noise alluded to ceased almost as soon as heard, and the two hurried away from the grounds without meeting let or hindrance.

Soon the clearing was left—the woods swallowed them up. Dark atoms in the sea of darkness, they hastened down the mountain-side, with no very settled idea save to get a few miles between themselves and the lodge as soon as possible. Once fairly clear of the house, the spirits of Annie Alden seemed to rise. Though she clung to his arm and evidently placed her reliance on Taylor to extricate her from the plight in which at present she found herself, her tongue was loosened and she began to talk to her companion with that freedom she would naturally feel for one who had twice assisted her when she was in imminent danger.

If ever mortal was in the seventh heaven, it was Charles Taylor at this happy juncture of affairs. Once before his star had seemed so near, but that only was for a few moments—then she was so far, so very far, away. Now it required no very acute perception to realize that opportunity was presenting itself for him to break down the social barriers and bridge over the gulf that had lain between them.

For all this, Taylor scarcely knew what to say to his lovely charge. He was perplexed how to enter upon an explanation of his presence at the mansion, and dying with curiosity to find out a key to the puzzling events of the night.

Annie Alden did but little to aid him out of his difficulty. As a woman of much mental strength and acute of perception, there could be no doubt that she had learned the feelings of her companion; but, as the reader knows, though she might feel drawn towards him ever so much, for the present her sympathy had to be concealed as far as possible, and a cool reserve maintained.

Annie was equipped for traveling. She had hastily thrown on a waterproof and hood at the moment they were making their escape. What her plans might be Taylor much desired to learn, and finally, being unable to control the desire longer, he proceeded to question her. The first time the question remained unanswered. He could not tell to a certainty whether the question was even heard. The grip on his own arm seemed like an index; from that he judged that Annie's thoughts were far away. Thinking that this was the case, and that probably he had not been understood, he repeated the question:

"What will I do?" she answered explosively. "Ah, yes. It is time that something should be decided on. There is danger here, to be sure, and I was a fool ever to trust myself within reach of that bad man without a guaranty, in some shape, of my personal safety. Perhaps my best plan would be to return to New York and employ assistance at once in—— ah, you do not understand, and I see no reason why I should explain. Could you put me on a train to-night? I would not willingly be seen in this neighborhood, if it can be avoided, in the daylight, at least.

"I hardly know the hour of night, and still less what may be your pedestrian qualities. At the same time, if I am not much mistaken, we might reach the station in time for you to take the early express. It is a long walk, however, and I only hope you will be able to bear the fatigue."

"That reminds me of the question, what are you going to do? Are you going to remain here?"

"I shall certainly stick to my post. I am no holiday gentleman. I cannot afford to pick up my traveling sack and move out and on at a moment's notice. I have work here—something not easily obtained, at least in my experience—and so long as I can draw my wages I shall not throw up the job. I shall see you safely off, and on the morrow, which cannot be so far distant, return to my place in the mines."

"You told me you had foes there, and their enmity endangers your life. I know also that you have an enemy that will hesitate at nothing. You have twice done me service which I wish I could in some way repay."

"Do not think of it. I have done you no service to-night. Indeed, if anything, I have come to view this night's proceedings, so far as I myself am concerned, with shame and regret. Forget it, I beg you—perhaps—perhaps some day we may meet under more favorable auspices. Till then, if you think of me at all, let it be as of one whose will was better than his opportunities or deeds."

"I shall think of you very kindly, be sure."

Annie signed as she spoke, and Charles felt a thrill of pleasure run through him at the faintly heard sound.

Either she sighed from pity of or sympathy with him and his desolate state, or she told, by implication, a falsehood. He knew those charming lips could never do the latter, and he knew what the near kin of the former is supposed to be.

His knowledge did not make him bold. On the contrary, it increased his shyness. The bridging of the chasm never seemed so desperate or so difficult as just at the moment when hope began to dawn. Instead of becoming aggressive, he drew back. Annie Alden as a woman was much more mature than Charles Taylor as a man, since their ages were nearly the same. Recognizing these facts, he followed rather than led. And indeed he followed but lamely. The distance that he thought he saw between them was the thorn in his foot, whereby he halted.

Meanwhile they walked on rapidly, and in silence.

"You seem to have no fears—to be personally brave; I think you might be able to aid me again, and in another way. Perhaps, however, it would be asking too much."

"No, no! You cannot ask me too much. Anything wherein I can be of any assistance to you will never be burdensome. But let me know your wishes, and they shall be carried out; indeed, I think myself able to override whatever of obstacle may present itself. Let me hear what it is that you would have me do."

"And can I trust you for a blind obedience?"

The question was asked lightly; yet a trace of deep though almost concealed interest showed itself through all the assumed carelessness.

"Certainly, if blind obedience can profit you any."

"For the present, then, I ask you to seek to know something of what transpired at the house we have just left. Exactly what were or are the intentions of that man I cannot say, or whether his plans have met with success or failure. You know to what use a room in which you were working might be put—let me tell you that it now has an occupant, and one in whom I am somewhat interested. Discover, if you have the opportunity, anything you can hear of that occupant and, let me know. A letter sent to the address which I shall give you will most probably reach me; and let me have your address with it, since I may have something to communicate."

The distance the two had to go was only a few miles, and, when once fairly embarked in this conversation, they did not seem long ones either. All too soon for Taylor the conversation that was growing deliciously confidential was brought to an end. The station was reached just in the nick of time. Somewhat haggard, but with a lightening heart, Annie Alden went on her journey.

And, as Charles Taylor turned away from the depot, had he looked upward he might have seen far away the glow from the flaming fire that was devouring Summit Lodge.

TO BE CONTINUED.

His Private Band.

A friend of ours, having determined to give a musical party, looked about amongst his acquaintance for suitable guests, and after considerable cogitation and inquiry made up his mind to invite the following:

Jones, because he was so clever in blowing his own trumpet.

Brown, because he possessed the ability of harping on one string.

Smith, because, even if you stopped him in the street for a moment, he began to fiddle with his collar.

Tompkins, because the sight of a thirteenth card of a suit filled him with an irresistible wish to "trump it."

Robinson, because, if rumor was true, he was undoubtedly a "base-vile" man.

Johnson, because, according to all accounts, he played second-fiddle to his wife.

Simpson, because, as a newspaper proprietar, he had an organ of his own.

Jenkins, because he has been heard to say he had a "catarrh" in his chest.

Richardson, because he is so good at the long-bow; and

Samuelson, because he and his wife are celebrated for their kettle-drums.

TO BE in a passion is to punish one's self for the faults and impertinences of another.

KIND WORDS are better than gold, and the voice of a friend has saved many a man from ruin.

A SCRAP
From Officer Hampton's Note-book.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ANNIE M. CURTIS.

I used to see her on my beat,
Small vender of bouquets—
As sad a waif as one could meet
In Gotham's slimy ways;
I watched her well, as off I passed,
When sales were few and slow,
And saw the shade of pain that crossed
A face like Winter's snow.

At thought of how she lived and fared
My heart would strangely stir,
And many a dime somehow was spared
To buy a meal for her;
I don't uphold this "giving alms,"
I tried my "charity" to keep,
But ah! the thought of dimpled palms
Long folded in death's sleep!

"You aint as cross as other cops,"
She once said, with a smile;
"You never drive me from the steps,
And so I like yer style."
She stood where wealth and fashion press
The long, gay thoroughfare;
Poor child! for all her tattered dress,
The sweetest picture there.

And later on, while loitering nigh,
She called my name aloud;
There touched my sleeve! "Good-night, good-bye!"
And vanished with the crowd
It was good bye; for—trampled, torn—
I found her nameless clay
While on my beat again next morn
Down sunny, bright Broadway.

"Run over," spoke an idler near—
"Some beggar's brat, I ween."
Struck down just at the crossing here—
An oft-repeated scene.
I thought how comfortless and bare
That child's strange life had been;
Thank God! 'twixt her and weightier care
Grim death stepped promptly in!

December, 1878.

THE BUSHTOWN BANK ROBBERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARRY CROTON.

I do not expect that what I shall here put upon paper will be believed. From my boyhood up I have been called visionary, a dreamer, a lover of the supernatural. All these I may have been—all these, perhaps, I still am. Nevertheless, I do most solemnly affirm that what I here write is the truth—the simple narration of facts as they actually occurred.

It is unnecessary that I should say more of myself than that, despite my dreams and visions, I was forced to earn my bread in the very practical capacity of teller in the Bushtown Bank. Bushtown was a village of three thousand inhabitants when I first went there to reside. Now, I believe, it boasts a population of six thousand. I liked the place and the people; and, although I formed but few intimate friendships, one of those few, at least, I had reason to remember. Erastus Sawyer, bookkeeper in the office of the Bushtown Iron Works, interested me deeply from the first. I think we became friends at sight, and I know that within a month after my removal to Bushtown we had struck up an intimacy which could not have been closer had we been brothers. It was Erastus Sawyer's friendship to which I have alluded and which I had reason to remember. The Summer of 1875 found me living in a private house in Bushtown, where the only other boarder was Sawyer. I learned, by comparison, that there were many points of similarity between us. We were both unmarried; both unburdened by dependents of any kind; both platonic in our loves; both admirers of Poe; both more or less dyspeptic; and both believers in the supernatural. What evenings we passed together, smoking strong cigars and partaking, not too freely, of hot toddy, while we discussed metaphysical questions learnedly and long, I will not presume to say. Our rooms adjoined one another, our thoughts ran in the same channel, and our tastes for tobacco were identical. Putting these things together, you will not wonder that we were inseparable companions.

The time came when I had the opportunity to give practical proof of my friendship for Sawyer. He fell ill, and there was no one to care for him but me. All the time that I had at my disposal I devoted to him most cheerfully.

"Barry," he said to me one day, a week after he had first taken to his bed, "I am fully persuaded that I shall never leave this room alive."

"Nonsense!" said I. "You will be up and out in a fortnight."

"I am convinced that I am going to die," he continued, paying no heed to my interruption. "Under that conviction there are one or two things I desire to say to you now, while I am free from physical pain, and while my mind is clear."

He motioned me to sit down by the bed. I did so, more deeply impressed by the earnestness of his manner than I would have cared to confess.

"You know well enough," he began, "what my belief is concerning the dead. I believe it is within their power to influence the acts of those still living. I believe that they can make their presence felt after their bodies have turned to dust. Moreover, I believe that the dead, passing into a higher state of existence, can behold all that is occurring in this world—can foresee the deeds of men, look into the human heart, and read the mysteries there written. I am as confident that the spirits of the dead can and do return to this earth as I am that you are sitting in that chair. In part, at least, my theories accord with your own, do they not?"

"In part," I answered.

"Very well. There are two things I want you to promise me. Remember, I am on my death-bed, and I am speaking to the only friend I have."

"What is it you would have me promise?" I asked.

"First, that after my death you will take possession of this room. Second, that at some hour every night you will seat yourself at that table there, with pen in hand, prepared to write whatever I may prompt you to from the spirit-world."

To humor what I believed was the passing fancy of a sick man's brain, I promised what he asked. Three days after Sawyer died.

I kept my word, and moved into the room he had occupied. Among his few worldly effects, all of which he bequeathed to me, I found a number of rare books and a trunk full of papers. These latter included some MSS.—fragments of poems (I had never before discovered that Sawyer was addicted to poetry), a five-act tragedy complete, and a long treatise on "Unrecognized Agencies." This, on glancing over, I found to deal with the phenomena commonly attributed to spiritualism. I further kept my promise, and sat at the table a short time each night with a pen in my hand; but, as I never felt "prompted" to write anything, I made up my mind that either Sawyer had forgotten his engagement, or he was prevented from fulfilling it by circumstances over which he had no control.

The Bushtown Bank enjoyed such absolute confidence that faith in it was never shaken, even during those dark days which followed the panic of 1873. I think all the officers connected with the institution were worthy of this confidence—or rather, I did think so, most sincerely, prior to the events I am about to narrate. It was in September—the fourth, to be exact—two months after the death of Sawyer. In the fresh morning-air I was making my way to the bank, when the night-watchman, with colorless face, came rushing up the street.

"What is the matter, Matthew?" I asked.

"The bank's been robbed, sir!" he answered. "They're all down there except Mr. Carman, and I'm going after him. And that's not the worst of it sir!"

"Not the worst of it?" I repeated in amazement.

"No, sir; an' would to God it was! Mr. White has been murdered!"

I waited to hear no more. With a face now as colorless as the watchman's I dashed down the street to the bank. There all that Matthew had told me was confirmed. A mysterious crime, a horrible tragedy, had been committed. The body of Mr. White, president of the bank, was found lying stark and cold just in front of the vault-door. A bullet through his brain told how he had met his death. The open vault-door and rifled safe left no doubt as to the object of the crime. Mystery, deep, impenetrable mystery, shrouded only the one question: Who did the deed? And here there was no answer. Inquiry revealed the fact that the president, after going to his home on the preceding afternoon, had returned to the bank shortly before eight o'clock in search of a paper which he believed he had left in his private room. That was the last seen of Mr. White alive. The conclusion was inevitable that, upon entering the bank, he had discovered the robbers—it was safe to assume, the police said, that there were at least three in the party—and that he had been set upon and murdered. So far the case was clear—to the minds of the police. But the astounding thing was that the robbers had opened the vault and the safe without a mark of violence. They must have known the combinations of both locks—knowledge which was supposed to be possessed only by Mr. White, the president, and Mr. Carman, the cashier. What was the inference to be drawn? This, said the Bushtown police, that Mr. White had come into the bank while the robbers were there. His presence had suggested an easier way of reaching the treasure they sought than by forcing open the iron doors. They put a pistol to his head and threatened him with death if he did not divulge the combinations. Mr. White was a good man and an honest man, but he was notoriously a coward. The courage of the bravest would have wavered under such circumstances. Mr. White, to save his own life, disclosed the secret of the locks. He did only what a hundred other bank-officials have done. But, having learned the combinations, these robbers, without any of that honor which is said to exist among their class, brutally shot the man who had put the bank's funds within their reach. Here, really, was the only difference between this and scores of similar cases.

Such was the inference drawn by the Bushtown police. Was it not reasonable? Nay, more—it was inevitable. So said the bank-directors, without exception. So said Mr. Carman, the cashier. So said the private detectives who were sent for from New York, and who proceeded to examine the "clues" with owl-like wisdom. So, in fact, I came to believe myself, as the days passed by and no other solution of the mystery offered itself.

Yet there were one or two things which I could not satisfactorily explain in my own mind. I was willing to concede to the Bushtown police and the private detectives astuteness surpassing the gods'; but I looked to them in vain for any explanation of the knotty points to which I have referred. The first of these was: How did the burglars gain admission to the bank? The doors and windows were found securely locked. It was plain that no force had been used. The police and detectives advanced the theory, and stuck to it stubbornly, that the robbers had hidden themselves in the bank during business hours, and had been locked in when the doors were closed. As stubbornly I rejected this theory, and for the sufficient reason that I was the last person in the bank that afternoon, and I was morally certain nobody was in the building when I locked the doors. Another point which the police failed to explain was how, once in the bank, the robbers had succeeded in getting out. Not only must they have been familiar with all the surroundings, but they must have known the exact hour at which the day-watchman, who was also a kind of janitor and utility man, went home, and the night-watchman came on duty. It was shown that on the evening of the robbery there was an interval of more than an hour between the departure of the day-watchman and the arrival of his associate. Matthew, the night-watchman, had satisfactorily explained his absence on the ground that he had been directed, the day before, to go on an errand for Mr. Carman, which delayed him up to the moment of his arrival at the bank. This story was vouched for by Mr. Carman himself, who had been absent from Bushtown during the day, and who had expected to return by the eight-o'clock train. Unfortunately, he had been detained until the ten-o'clock train, or he should have gone directly to the bank, in which case the robbery might have been averted. Of all the points, however, that which puzzled me completely was the absence of any burglars' tools in or about the bank. If the police theory was the right one, then the robbers had made their way to the vault, expecting to force it open. They could not have known that the president would visit the bank at that hour, as it was shown his return was purely a matter of accident. If their original plan had been to wring the combinations from Mr. White by threats, they would certainly have gone to his house, not to the bank. And just as certainly, if they went to the bank to break open the vault, they must have carried with them the tools for that work. Was it reasonable to suppose that, after securing nearly fifty thousand dollars in cash and United States bonds—securities which they could negotiate with but little danger of discovery—these cool-headed thieves would handicap themselves in their escape with a kit of burglars' tools? After securing such booty as that, would they invite detection by lugging off with them the bulky evidences of their guilt? One of two things must be admitted: Either these burglars entered a bank with the intention of breaking open the vault without tools, or, after securing fifty thousand dollars, they stopped to pack up their jimmies and hammers, and took the pains to carry away these tell-tale implements when there was every motive to leave them behind. I confess that, between these two amazing suppositions, I groped blindly in Egyptian darkness.

The days, as I have said, passed on. The Bushtown police were still working up clues, and the detectives were still waiting for one last link in the chain of evidence before pouncing down upon the robbers. Meantime, the bank had kept the confidence of its depositors, had not suspended business even for a day, and had promptly announced that the loss would not in any way affect its solvency. Ten thousand dollars' reward was offered for the recovery of the stolen funds, and five thousand more for the conviction of the thieves. Intense excitement reigned in Bushtown, and the shadow of murder hanging over the crime gave it a terrible interest. For a week the village was overrun with reporters from far and near, and the telegraph wires were kept freighted with wonderful stories concerning the double crime. Many idlers turned themselves into amateur detectives, and were never lacking for hundred theories as to the manner in which the deed had been done. Meantime, we of the bank kept regularly at our work and waited the issue of events. For myself, I may add that I waited with very little expectation of seeing the money recovered or the thieves brought to justice.

It was some three weeks after the robbery that I returned to my room, one night later than usual, and sat down by the table with a pen in my hand. With a faithfulness which at times made me smile, I had kept my word to Sawyer. Nearly three months had now elapsed since his death, and during that time, at some hour of every night, I had sat at the table, pen in hand, ready to be inspired by the spirit of my dead friend. My patience thus far had been unrewarded. Nothing that by any possibility could be construed into the supernatural had occurred. Sometimes I had grown sleepy in my chair; sometimes the oil in my student-lamp had given out and left me in darkness; sometimes the wind had shaken the window casements, and once the clock on the mantel had stopped ticking. None of these things, however, could be called mysterious, or be attributed to other than natural causes. Still I kept faith with Sawyer, willing to be convinced that his speculations concerning the dead were indeed true.

This night, as I have said, I sat down by the table. The evening I had passed at the house of an acquaintance, and I found myself too thoroughly wide awake to go to bed. As a means of passing away an hour, I bethought me of Sawyer's papers. Opening the trunk, I took out the first roll of MS. which came within reach. It proved to be the five-act tragedy of which I had spoken. Resuming my seat at the table, I began the perusal of the play. It was a weird and startling composition, and as I progressed the reading of it produced a strange effect upon my mind. Although I have confessed to being a visionary and a dreamer, I think it has never been charged that I am a coward. Nevertheless, I make no hesitation in saying that my nerves that night were completely unstrung. I was strangely impressed with a feeling akin to fear, and yet differing from fear. It was an indefinable, subtle dread, which crept over me, and which I found it impossible alike to analyze or to overcome. Vainly I endeavored to fix my thoughts on subjects which usually interested me. Vainly I sought to reason with myself on the absurdity of becoming frightened at the passing fancies of the mind. I rose up and paced the room. The very stillness of the hour oppressed me. The ticking of the clock made me start. The sense of impending evil deepened. Again I threw myself into the chair at the table, and unconsciously, I think, picked up the pen lying there—the pen with which poor Sawyer had traced many thoughts on paper. My eyes rested upon the dial of the clock. The hands pointed to five minutes past twelve.

Just then I heard distinctly, as if close to my ear, a sound as of the rustling of garments. I turned with a quick movement, but saw nothing. Nevertheless I *felt* the presence of somebody in the room. I trembled in every nerve, and the perspiration stood out in great beads upon my brow. For the second time came the sound like the rustling of garments, and then a voice, which proceeded out of the air, said in a whisper:

"I have come, as I promised."

"Who is it?" I asked faintly.

"It is I—Sawyer," was the answer. "You have been faithful to your word, and you are at last rewarded. Is there any question you would ask—any mystery you would have explained? You need not speak it aloud. Ask the question mentally."

Naturally enough, at those words my mind reverted to the bank-robbery. Mentally I asked:

"Who robbed the bank?"

"Take the pen and write," said the voice.

I did as I was directed. I am prepared now to most solemnly affirm, as I have always affirmed in the past, that I wrote the words on that slip of paper without volition of my own. Until the pen dropped from my fingers I did not know what the words were. When they stood out before my vision—when I first comprehended what the answer to my mental inquiry implied—I sprang to my feet, holding the paper before my eyes in a dazed sort of way. A flood of light fell upon the hitherto impenetrable mystery.

"Am I to believe," I cried, "that ——"

"Believe what I have communicated!" whispered the voice.

Again I heard the rustling of garments. The spirit, if spirit it was, had departed—departed, leaving me with the slip of paper still in my hand.

I was no longer frightened. All feeling of fear gave way to intense excitement. I sat down and went over carefully the circumstances of the robbery, viewing them now in a light which nobody had thought of throwing upon them before. It was astonishing how clear the case seemed. The reason for the murder, the mysterious entrance and exit, the knowledge of the combinations which opened the locks, the absence of any burglars' tools—all these things, which had perplexed and baffled me before, could be accounted for at last. Let me add, however, that as the chain of evidence fashioned itself, link by link, in my mind, I shuddered at the duty which my startling discovery devolved upon me.

The morning found me in a state of feverish excitement. In my mind was clear as to what I should do. I was working for something more than the reward offered by the bank. If my theory proved correct, it would vindicate what my friends called my eccentricities—it would compel respect for my belief in the supernatural. I was resolved to act with no rash haste. I took into my confidence a member of the Bushtown police, a patrolman whom I knew to be one in a favorable light, and my suspicions without informing him how they had been first aroused. Together we worked untiringly for ten days. The discoveries we made in that time completed to the last link the chain of evidence. On the eleventh day I struck the blow.

As a preliminary, I requested Mr. Carman to call a meeting of the directors at his own house. I explained to him that I had something of the utmost importance to communicate respecting the robbery of the bank. He readily complied with my request, and at the appointed hour—seven o'clock in the evening—the

OPERA-OAF.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR.

I.

The whimsful children "playing house,"
The "players" playing kings and queens
(The mountain bringing forth a mouse!),
Fill up life's ever-shifting scenes;
And "children of a larger growth"
Relax the face, unknit the brow,
Intent upon a little sloth,
Scarce knowing why or caring how;
But, work-a-weary, they would play,
And make an idle holiday.

II.

The next best thing to hearing Grisi
Was to imagine you had heard her;
Felicity is thus made easy,
And idle time you thus can murder!
Or joy or woe is but a bubble,
Easy to blow up or to—burst;
And when you are beset with trouble
'Tis you who trouble trouble first!
And who'd escape misfortune's lances
Adapts himself to circumstances.

III.

So, sitting in mine easy-chair,
I bid the op'ra-oaf commence;
But where's my prima-donna?—where
Tenor, and chorus, audience?
What *is* the op'ra? and who leads
The orchestra so full and grand?
While the terrestrial recedes
Into some Saint Cecilia's land,
Making my easy-chair a car
Careering through the heavens afar!

IV.

Have I with love or lucre won
This open-sesame to bliss?
I represent no CLIPPER—none,
Yet I'm a deadhead! How is this?
My chair's my stall. The stage is yonder,
And minus money, men, or mice,
I sit an auditor in wonder—
It may be naughty, but it's nice;
For here's a heav'n, and I seem drown'd
In seas of sensuous sight and sound!

V.

Is it enchantment? Have I built
An aerie castle in the air?
Is all this splendor gold or gilt?
And are these visions foul or fair?
Or is't De Quincy's opium magic
(Man's nectar and ambrosia sweet)
That lifts me to these regions tragic,
Where the celestials seem to meet,
While man, as Carlisle doth aver,
Bears in his breast a theatre?

VI.

How Grisi's vocal glories thrill!
How scintillates each glowing scene!
How Mario's voice the vault doth fill!
How swells the chorus like a pean!
Hark! How the orchestra swells out!
The heavens dissolve in molten song!
The earth doth shiver with the shout!
And vistas open, wide and long,
Disclosing, in a trance or trice,
Where sing the birds of Paradise!

VII.

And where the New Jerusalem
Shows beautifully in the shine,
On the hills, as a diadem,
Dazzling, resplendent, and divine;
Where opens out a glimpse an't bint
Of heaven, and all that it doth hold,
Like to a new Septuagint,
Or an Apocalypse untold;
And where the mysteries of bliss
Shine like an apotheosis.

VIII.

Ha! Where's the theatre? 'Tis gone!
The prima-donna's off the scene;
While Echo, like a dying swan,
Reverberateth what hath been.
Tenor, and chorus, audience,
Orchestra, base, and all, are—where?
While tingles each enraptured sense,
And—what is this? My easy-chair!
Have I been in a wakeful dreaming,
And was this op'ra-oaf a seeming?

IX.

Only a seeming! And yet half
Reality, so strangely sweet.
Ah, in our dreams we weep and laugh
Where fact and fancy seem to meet.
Did realization ever yet
Reach up to expectation's height?
Was fancy's equal ever met
For pure and unalloyed delight?
Imagination paints the scene
Which Mem'ry holds forever green.

X.

And Grisi's dead; and Mario's voice,
So ample once, is also dead,
While other nightingales rejoice
This generation in their stead;
Lounging in my easy-chair,
Grisi and Mario this night,
Before the footlights over there,
Rehearsed a dozen scenes quite.
I urged them on to more and more,
And led the audience with "Encore!"

XI.

For, like the children's poppy-show,
Kaleidoscope, or make-believe,
At will our songsters come and go,
And newer triumphs still achieve.
So, when I'm in a sorry state
Of impecuniosity,*
I just compound it with my fate,
And fall back on my memory
And on my fancy: and alone
I take my opera-oaf† alone.

Astor House, N. Y., Dec., 1878.

—* This is, of course, poetic license. Pros. are never impecunious.

† Let no flippant reader substitute "whiskey-punch" for "opera-oaf;" it were a libel else!

"BASHFUL FIFTEEN."

BY GERALD DIXON.

Yes, that was her age when I first met her, seven years ago. She is a famous actress now, and exactly twenty-two.

Having passed three pleasant years at Cambridge, and become a Bachelor of Arts by the least irksome process permitted by University statutes, I found myself at twenty-one years of age a student at the Upper Temple, and the monthly tenant of a couple of rooms on the first floor in Guilford street, Russell square. As I knew few people in London, and was not even a member of one of the University clubs, there was no special reason for idleness, and I may proudly confess that, for the first three months of my residence in town, my jealous mistress, the law, knew no rival.

But even the stirring period of "Mr. Joshua Williams on Real Property" and the sportive facetiousness of "Mr. Justice Byles on Bills" are apt to become monotonous, and I was on the point of joining a small Bohemian club in the Strand, when fate brought me distraction from my studies in a more witching and material shape. This shape was an ankle.

Of course it was feminine; equally of course, it was trim and dainty. The first time I saw it a crimson stocking added to its allurements; on the second occasion it was clad in black. And, oddly enough, this was the only evidence I had of the propinquity of a young and attractive neighbor, for the ankle was always helping its owner upstairs at a rapid rate whenever I caught a glimpse of that ravishing joint and the flutter of the dress which accompanied it.

At length, after sundry stray glimpses, my curiosity was fairly aroused, and I inquired of my landlady regarding the occupants of the rooms above me.

"Yes, the second-floor, sir, which it's a young woman and her grandmar, and well be-'aved and quite respectable, though she is a play-actress, sir."

"A play-actress!" I exclaimed. "Which—the young woman or the grandmother?"

"Oh, the young woman, sir, which she is *that* devoted to her grandmar, and quite 'andable, as one may say. They have been here ten days, and they've conducted themselves quite proper."

I must confess that the fact of the owner of the ankle being an actress inflamed my interest in it to an inordinate degree. I am naturally gregarious, and I am fond of my species, and during the last three months the only woman I had spoken to was the worthy Mrs. Jones, my landlady, and the much-begrimed slavey domestic who attended to the requirements of the lodgers. Then, like many young men of a similar age, I had an affection for the drama and the stage—an affection, I might add, which, though whetted by curiosity, was still tempered with respect. Of course I could not force an acquaintance with the "second-floor," and I was far too inexperienced in the customs of the metropolis to introduce myself in an apparently unpremeditated manner.

On Sunday morning, after breakfast, I was stretched on my uncomfortable sofa, smoking a long pipe and reading one of the late lamented Mr. Smith's "leading cases." I was doing my best to feel interested in the details, when I was conscious of a commotion upstairs. A minute or so afterwards a rap came on my door.

"Come in," I cried, and Mrs. Jones appeared. She was sorry to disturb me, but the old lady upstairs was "took" suddenly ill, no restoratives were at hand, and, according to law, none were procurable at that time on the Sabbath. Would I therefore be kind enough to lend her a wineglassful?

The application was evidently genuine, but, on Mrs. Jones' part, hasty and ill-considered, revealing as it did an intimate knowledge of the resources of my cupboard. Still, what I had was, of course, at the service of the second-floor.

Pulling open the door still wider to allow my landlady to depart, I perceived on the stairs in front of me the figure of a young and beautiful girl. She was standing expectant, one hand resting on the banister, and when she met my admiring eyes she flushed slightly. She was tall and well made, her slight, girlish figure giving indications of future robustness. A mass of nut-brown hair, most heterodoxically picturesque, fell round and about her shapely head, and a pair of full, gray eyes sparkled somewhat defiantly from under the corresponding number of light eyebrows.

"It's all right, miss!" quoth the landlady unctuously; "Mr. Smith have been kind enough to lend us this." And the good soul hugged the unsympathetic bottle to her matronly bosom.

The girl stepped down two or three stairs.

"I'm sorry for troubling you," she said to me; "but we didn't know what to do; and—after all, I suppose we are not the first people who have made each other's acquaintance over the bottle."

And then she turned and tripped lightly upstairs, and a flash of the crimson ankle was perceptible as she turned the corner of the staircase.

There was a certain abandon in her movements which was at once attractive and strange. Her manner and demeanor were easy, and her tone seemed to imply a thorough mastery of the situation, and a hint that, though she was young, she was experienced and intimately acquainted "with her way about."

Later on in the afternoon, I was again reclining on the inhospitable horse-hair, and was aroused by another knock at my door. This time the summons was not so much an authoritative rap as a soft and insinuating tap. I bade my visitor enter, and the door was opened a few inches.

"Mr. Smith, I have brought you back the—the *medicine*."

Of course I opened the door wide, and begged the young lady to come in, which she did unconcernedly enough, and placed the bottle on the sideboard.

"I hear you are a lawyer, Mr. Smith," said she, glancing round the room.

"Not yet, I'm only at the bar," I returned modestly.

"But I suppose you are awfully clever, and all that," she added simply. "Anyhow, you are very kind."

"Oh, don't talk like that, please. And you, I hear, are an actress."

"I don't know," and she looked quite pensive; "*I am on the stage.*"

"It must be a very jolly life," I suggested somewhat nervously, for I had never spoken to an actress before, remember.

"It is a very hard life," said she.

"But you cannot have had much experience," I returned, glancing at her youthful figure.

"I began when I was twelve, and I am now fifteen. I have played Arthur in 'King John,' Mamillius in 'A Winter's Tale,' and Prince Bright-eyes in the pantomime. Quite a wide range of parts, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," I remarked; "and may I ask where you are acting now?"

She laughed.

"Such is fame! Why, I am playing in the new burlesque at the Fortune."

I apologised for my ignorance, and assured her that I would go and see her on the following night.

"Do," said she; "and mind you applaud my song. I was encored last night; so contrive that I am again to-morrow. Good-bye," she continued, moving towards the door. "I never talked to a lawyer before."

"And I have never spoken to an actress until to-day," quoth I.

"How do you like it?" asked she.

"Immensely; pray give me another opportunity. What do you think of a lawyer?"

"I don't think of him at all just at present; I have something better to do," and with that she vanished.

Yes, she was both piquant and repelling; but the novelty of the acquaintance was pleasing, and the next evening found me seated in a stall at the Theatre Royal Fortune.

The performance was dull and insipid. Perversions and contortions of the Queen's English, in the shape of puns, never inspired me with any profound sense of the educational use of the drama; and I was then neither young enough nor old enough to appreciate an exhibition of shapely limbs, painted faces, and tresses of an impossible hue. Still I applauded Miss Minnie May's song, and was somewhat disappointed that she never bestowed upon me so much as a glance of recognition. I went back to my rooms immediately after the curtain fell, and prepared for a couple of hours' spell at "Taylor on Evidence." I had been seated at my table but a few minutes when a light tap sounded at my door. I opened it, and there was Miss Minnie May.

"Well," she said impatiently, "how did you like it? How did it *go*?"

"I don't know much about burlesques, Miss May; but the audience seemed amused."

"Yes, they encored my song. I have made a hit, I feel certain. You didn't applaud, though—I was watching you."

"Indeed I did; I split my gloves over it. Look here," and I showed her circumstantial evidence of my zeal.

"Oh, I dare say; you split them applauding somebody else; that fright that plays Prince Camaralzaman with the padded legs."

"No; I agree with you that she *is* a fright. I didn't applaud her."

"Mind you never do. She is a wretch. And now I shall expect you to come to the Fortune at least three days a week. It will do you good; you spend far too much time over those abominable books." And then she asked me demurely whether I wouldn't go upstairs and be introduced to grandmamma, who was anxious to thank me for my prompt sympathy of the previous day. "You won't be *too* shocked, I suppose," she laughed as I followed her upstairs.

Grandmamma was a faded old lady dressed in black, and her conversation generally resolved itself into uninteresting reminiscences of bygone triumphs. For she had been the darling of provincial theatres years ago, poor old soul, and lived as comfortably as she could on recollections of the past and a pittance of the present.

We had a cheerful little supper of poached eggs and bottled stout. Miss Minnie prattled away, grandmamma was silently appreciative, and I listened and learnt. Afterwards, Minnie showed me her album and her aged relative showed symptoms of impending sleep in her armchair. I admired the photographs as well I knew how.

"But you haven't told me what you think of my acting!" she exclaimed suddenly.

"Haven't I? Well, you are young yet. Are you sure that you like the stage?" For, to tell the truth, Miss Minnie May had not inspired me with any belief in her histrionic genius.

"Like the stage?" she inquired, surprised. "Why, I'm a born actress. Oh! you don't think so?"

I modestly deprecated any such idea.

"Never mind, Mr. Smith; before many months are over I'll prove to you that I can act. Not an actress, indeed!" And the impetuous, young damsel seemed ready to cry. Presently I came to the last page of the album, and my eye caught a portrait of a girl whom I took for herself.

"Oh, that is not like you!" I exclaimed.

"Who said it was?" Then she paused and laughed softly to herself. "That is a portrait of my sister."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, we are very much alike."

"Is she an actress, too?"

"She is on the stage. And now good-night; don't sit up and read law. Go to sleep and dream of ——"

"Prince Camaralzaman?"

"By all means, if you *can*."

For the next five or six days I saw but little of Miss Minnie May. In fact, I rather avoided her. As I was absent all day in the chambers of a special pleader, I ran no chance of encountering this "maiden of bashful fifteen" in broad daylight, and at night, about the time she usually came home from the theatre, I made a practice of smoking a cigar and sauntering round Russell square. However, on Sunday morning she tapped at my door. I received her ceremoniously.

"Don't try to act, Mr. Smith," said she, quickly perceiving my awkwardness; "leave that to me; I'm come to say good-bye."

"Good-bye?"

"Yes; I have got a better engagement in Liverpool; more money, and a comedy part. You see, there are *some* people who believe in my acting."

"My dear Miss May, pray don't think I undervalue your talents ——"

"I wanted to tell you that my sister is coming up from Glasgow to take my part in the burlesque at the Fortune. My sister—you saw her photograph the other evening. She isn't a bit like me, except in appearance; and I want you to be kind to her, and, if I may venture to ask a favor, to see her home from the theatre the first two or three nights. She is rather timid, you know, and doesn't know her way about as I do."

The request astonished me slightly, but I promised to do what was required.

"And what are you going to do to-night?" she asked.

"I have promised to dine at Richmond with some friends. I go down in the afternoon, and shall not return till about twelve."

"Oh! very well. I start by the night train, and Mildred arrives about ten. Good-bye, Mr. Smith; when we meet again I hope to be able to convince you that I *am* an actress."

I dined at the Star and Garter that evening, spent a few merry hours with some old college friends, and returned home about midnight. When I reached my landing I found the begrimed domestic and a young girl endeavoring to carry a heavy box upstairs. Of course, I offered my services, which were gracefully accepted. The lady, who was, of course, Miss Mildred May, let go the handle of the box or trunk, which I promptly grasped and dragged up to the sitting-room above. As I was leaving the apartment she entered.

"Miss Mildred May, I presume?" I asked, bowing.

She bowed a mute acknowledgment and passed into the room. I looked at her somewhat curiously, and not without admiration. Her figure was more womanly than her sister's, and her costume was plainer. There was an air of almost matronly dignity about her as she moved. Her hair was dressed plainly, and I noticed that, unlike her sister, she wore no rings on her well-shaped hand. When she turned her full face to me I was struck with its sweet composure and the perfect arches formed by her dark eyebrows. Her sister had no eyebrows worth mentioning.

She thanked me in a few appropriate words for my kind offices, and I withdrew.

But not to rest. Mildred, like Macbeth, had murdered sleep, and I tossed vainly on my pillow. What was it about the girl that attracted me? I asked myself. She had uttered but a few words, yet there was a soft, confiding look in her gray eyes, a sympathetic motion of her hands, which, without being conspicuous, were inexpressibly tender. That girl an actress! I thought. By Jove, she ought to be the wife of an archbishop.

In the morning I left a short note, telling her of the promise I had made her sister of attending her home from the theatre. Then I strolled down to King's Bench Walk, and began drawing my "declaration in tort," but, even with Bullen and Leake's assistance, I hesitated and blundered. It was no good; I could not work, so I left Chambers and found myself walking towards Guildford street. As I reached my door she came out. Heavens! how my heart leaped!

She was going for a short walk. She did not know where; she had only been in London once before; so she accepted my guidance, and we strolled away.

I shall never forget that afternoon as long as I live. Mildred said little, and my conversation was commonplace in the extreme. With Minnie I could rattle on and pay compliments, and laugh and feel not a whit embarrassed. But—with Mildred!

I saw her home from the theatre that night, but did not sit in the stalls to watch her play her sister's part. I hated the notion that so gentle a creature should be compelled to exhibit herself on the stage, and I know I should have writhed in agony at the spectacle. As I escorted her home, her left hand softly placed on my right fore-arm, she thanked me for my consideration.

"I am glad you did not come, Mr. Smith. I meant to have asked you not to. I was not born an actress, like Minnie, but of course we must live."

Yes, I thought to myself, poor child, she must live; and then the thought arose from my heart and dazzled my brain—how sweet, how inspiring, to work for this dear girl, to soften and make straight her life's pathway, to persuade her to ennoble and beautify my own!

During the following week King's Bench Walk saw but little of me. Mildred looked pale and needed fresh air, and I determined that the evil effects of the footlights should be remedied by plenty of sunshine by day. We explored the suburbs of London. We trod Hampstead Heath and Highgate, explored the recesses of Richmond Park, fed the deer in Bushey and the bears in the Zoo. Every day seemed to bring forth some fresh beauty of her mind; every day made me more passionately in love. So, devoted and reckless, I told her one Sunday morning, after we had been to church at the Foundling Hospital, that I couldn't live without her.

"My darling, I am not rich in worldly goods, but I have a wealth of love for you. Quit your irksome calling; be my wife."

As I covered her hand with kisses she rose suddenly:

"Mr. Smith, are you not afraid to marry an actress?"

"You are an angel," I cried. "You are *not* an actress."

Then she laughed merrily.

"So you told me before," and with a swift turn towards the looking-glass she shook her hair out of its orthodox coil. Then she laughed more than ever.

"Mildred!" I cried in amazement.

"Mildred!" she answered mockingly. "Mildred? There isn't such a person. I'm Minnie May, and I never had a sister, to my own knowledge. Well," she added, seating herself on the table, "am I an actress or not, Mr. Smith?"

I never answered her, but rushed out of the house, and the next day moved into fresh lodgings at Brixton.

Since then I have had frequent opportunities of measuring her capacities as an actress. In fact, I am going to see her play Lady Teazle to-night. She occasionally sends me a box, for old acquaintance sake, as she puts it.—*The* (London) *Theatre.*

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy—Sentimental Ballads—Comic Songs—Theatrical Jokes —Circus Reminiscences—Old Playbills—Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ONLY A LOCK OF WOMAN'S HAIR.

BY WM. W. LONG.

'Tis only a lock of woman's hair,
A memory of other days,
Cut from the head of a fair young girl
Who basked in beauty's rays.
Ah, sad are the days gone to the past
Since she whispered the word "Forget,"
As I cut this lock from her golden head,
My beautiful queen, my pet.
Chorus.—Only a lock of golden hair,
A memory of other days,
Cut from the head of a fair young girl
Who basked in beauty's rays.

Only a lock of woman's hair,
A trifling gift from her,
Yet not Golconda's storied wealth
Could buy that gift so dear.
She was my queen in the long ago,
My idol, my beautiful fair;
But all that remains of the olden time
Is this long, bright tress of hair.
Chorus.—Only a lock of golden hair,
A memory of other days,
Cut from the head of a fair young girl
Who basked in beauty's rays.

Parkersburg, W. Va., 1878.

MODEL ARTISTS.

The "model artists" of the present day may trace their line of business back to a very early period in the world's history. In the halcyon days of Greece when the crown of wild olive which rewarded the Olympic victor was prized as highly as if it were fashioned out of gold, the perfect development of the body was regarded of the first importance. Any one of the contestants in those old games might have served as a model. Our engraving gives a very fair idea of the grace which may be displayed in the posture of the body. It is refreshing to look upon figures like these. The broad shoulders, the full chests, the rounded limbs, are all indicative of robust health. Here we see the glorious symmetry of the animal man, when that animal is properly developed. However much we may admire intellectual attainments, physical perfection is not to be belittled. The athletic games of Greece were as much a part of its history as was its religion; and the people who crowned their athletes with public honors were the people also who gave the world Socrates, Homer and Æschylus. It might be well if we had modern Olympic games, fostered by public spirit and encouraged by the law-makers, just as they used to be of old. Then, possibly, we might get another Socrates, or Homer, or Æschylus.

STARRY EYES ARE SOFTLY BEAMING.

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Starry eyes are softly beaming
In the blue of mem'ry's sky,
While my heart is ever dreaming
Of light that days gone by,
When their golden gleam and glowing
Shone above love's happy ways,
Ever shining, coming, going,
Starry eyes of other days.
Chorus.
Starry eyes still beam in splendor
From the blue of mem'ry's sky,
While my heart is sad and tender
Dreaming of the days gone by.
Starry eyes are softly beaming
As they did in life's sweet May;
Still their love-light sheds its gleaming
Over life's cold Winter-day;

Sweetest fancies rise to cheer me
As upon their light I gaze—
Leave me not, but linger near me,
Starry eyes of other days.
Chorus.—Starry eyes, etc.
Starry eyes are softly beaming
O'er my path down mem'ry's lane.
Do I wake, or am I dreaming
That I live love's hours again?
Near me through the greenwood mazes
Glimmer still thy magic rays,
And my heart repeat thy praises,
Starry eyes of other days.
Chorus.—Starry eyes still beam in splendor
From the blue of mem'ry's sky,
While my heart grows sad and tender,
Dreaming of the days gone by.

A SCREEN SCENE.

Given a screen, on one side a pretty wife and a handsome lover and on the other a gouty husband, and you have a very interesting scene in a society drama. In the accompanying picture you have one side of the screen; and as we always like to introduce something novel on our stage we engage for it some peculiar trait. This leading man is remarkable for the elongation of his nether limbs and the shortness of his military coat. On account of this physical accomplishment we have to pay him a much higher salary than if his legs had been of the ordinary length. In "The School for Scandal" the screen tips over and reveals what was behind it; but as the consequences of the revelation would be more serious here, the barrier remains, the gouty husband dies, and the lank hero marries the widow. Much might be written on the ethics of the screen in connection with the drama. The author often finds that it is a very convenient cupboard in which to keep a Nemesis, a husband, a lover or a forgiving father, the stage-manager can hide lots of properties behind it, and a traveling company might utilize it for a whole set of scenery. No patent has been applied for, and this is how you do it: Paint a forest on one side and an interior on the other, then detach two folds for wings. The screen is also a very convenient piece of drawing-room furniture, especially when you wish to hide the exit of your poor, shabbily-dressed cousin Miss Smith from the notice of your dear friend Mrs. Highsociety, who calls unexpectedly.

probable that somebody will find a warmer reception on that account.

"MY GRANDMODER'S CAT."

SUNG BY EDWIN WARREN IN H. S. HOLLOWELL'S DRAMA OF "INJURED INNOCENCE."

My grandmoder's cat was a little Thomas H—,
Und veighed about forty-seven pounds;
He vas older by half dan his litter twin-broder,
Und he made mit his mouth funny sounds;
He came mit dis vorld on de morn he vas born,
Und vas always his grandmoder's pride,
But he kicked—once, twice, never to kick again—
'Cause he vas died.
Chorus.—Nine seconds mitout slumber—
Kick, kick, kick, kick;
Und he kicked like a thunder—
Kick, kick, kick, kick;
Und he stopped short, quick,
Never to kick again—
'Cause he vas died.

In vatching his dear moder catch rats und mice
Many days did he pass ven a kit,
Und in kittenhood und cathood he t'ought it vas nice
To be a little mees yell und kick;
But he didn't t'ink it nice ven he vent below de ice,
Mit his head to a little stone tied;
So he kicked—one, twice, never to kick again,
'Cause he vas died.
Chorus.—Nine seconds mitout slumber—
Kick, kick, kick, kick;
Und he kicked like thunder—
Kick, kick, kick, kick;
Und he stopped short, quick,
Never to kick again—
'Cause he vas died.

MRS. McBETH.

The readers of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES have, doubtless, often sat spell-bound watching Charlotte Cushman or some other great tragedienne depict the remorse of the conscience-stricken wife of the Thane of Cawdor as she wandered across the stage in a supposed state of somnolence, trying to wash away imaginary blood-stains, or have been thrilled by her daring courage when she urged her halting husband on to murder; but the lady sketched by our artist is not the ideal creation of the Immortal Bard, as you will perceive by a slight difference in the spelling of the name, and, although carrying a classical lamp, she is more nearly related to a Thane of Chowder than to the lord of Cawdor. This, dear reader, is a realistic drama of contemporaneous society. Mr. McBeth is in the retail fish-business, and his wife burneth the midnight oil because he hath not yet returned after making New-Year's calls. We think, however, that the artist has caught the expression of her eye as she hears the unsteady step of her liege lord ascending the stairs, and, judging from the look of mingled determination and sadness, we opine that this Mr. McBeth will not fare any better in the hands of his wife than did Shakespeare's hero. As the lady also appears to have combed out her hair and put on spotless linen before retiring, and as the night is rather cool for a promenade through the house in such light attire, it is

FAREWELL, MA-BELL.

BY R. H. DOYLE.

Farewell, farewell, my sweet Ma-bell—
Though sorrow fills my heart
With grief too deep for words to tell,
'Tis better we should part;
I will not ask of thee to share
A fate so dark as mine—
'Twould fill thy life with deep despair,
'Twould break a heart so pure as thine.
Chorus.
Farewell, farewell, my sweet Ma-bell—
Though sorrow fills my heart
With grief too deep for words to tell,
'Tis better we should part.

Must we forget those happy hours
When all was joy and gladness?
When life was full of Summer flowers
We never dreamt of sadness.
Chorus.—Farewell, farewell, etc.

Farewell, farewell, forever fled
Are all the dreams we cherished;
Our dearest joys, they, too, seem dead,
And each fond hope has perished;
Though memory's chords, in after years,
When touched by fancy's fingers,
May breathe a strain, 'mid sighs and tears,
To show affection lingers.
Chorus.—Farewell, farewell, my sweet Ma-bell—
Though sorrow fills my heart
With grief too deep for words to tell,
'Tis better we should part.

Springfield, Mass., 1878.

CHARLES M. WALCOT'S BENEFIT AT BURTON'S THEATRE, N. Y., IN 1858.

John L. Everitt of this city contributes a bill of the above occasion. John Brougham is a member of the company of Wallack's Theatre; W. E. Burton died here Feb. 9, 1860; C. M. Walcot died in Philadelphia, Pa., May 13, 1868; Mark Smith died in Paris, France, Aug. 11, 1874; W. H. Briggs entered the army during our late Civil War, and has not since been heard of; James Seymour died in this city Sept. 22, 1864; Lawrence Barrett is now before the public as a star; John Moore still follows the profession as stage-manager; Charles B. Bishop is now acting in San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Hughes died at Sandy Hill, near Albany, N. Y., about May 1, 1867; Miss Miller married and retired from the stage some years ago; Mrs. W. H. Smith died here Sept. 25, 1861; Mrs. James C. Dunn died some years ago; Josephine Orton is married, and in retirement in Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Seymour appears before the public occasionally. These performances were in what was then known as Burton's New Theatre, afterwards the Winter Garden.

BURTON'S.

ALTERATION OF TIME.—In future the doors will open at a quarter before seven, and commence at half-past seven.

BENEFIT OF MR. WALCOT,

and his last appearance but one.

*** By the kindness of the distinguished members of the dramatic profession now playing at this theatre, Mr. Walcot is enabled to offer a special attraction in the cast of the good old comedy of

THE ROAD TO RUIN,

in which the character of Goldfinch will be sustained by Messrs. BURTON, BROUGHAM and WALCOT.

Old Dornton	Mark Smith	Widow Warren	Mrs. Hughes
Young Dornton	W. Briggs	Sophia	Miss Miller
Milford	Mr. Barrett	Jessy	Mrs. W. H. Smith
Silky	Mr. Moore		

To conclude with a very superior play!

The first night here of the old favorite

THE SAVAGE AND THE MAIDEN.

The Savage	Mr. Walcot
Crummules, the Manager	Mr. Burton
Lenville, the Tragedian	Mr. Brougham

TUESDAY, FEB. 25, 1858,

will be played the original comedy, in five acts, of

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

Goldfinch in the second act ..... Mr. Brougham
Goldfinch in the third and fourth acts ..... Mr. Burton
Goldfinch in the fifth act ..... Mr. Walcot

Mr. Dornton	M. Smith	Officer	Mr. Lawson
Harry Dornton, his son		Mashers	Messrs. Gledhill and Silveria
Mr. Briggs			
Mr. Silky	Mr. Seymour	Postman	Mr. Vernon
Mr. Smith	Mr. MacRae	Widow Warren	Mrs. Hughes
John Milford	Mr. Barrett	Miss Sophia	Miss Miller
Old Silky, the Usurer	Mr. Moore	Jessy, the Widow's Maid	Mrs. W. H. Smith
Jacob, his man	Mr. Paul	Mrs. Ledger	Mrs. Dunn
Hosier	Mr. Bishop	Milliner	Miss White
Mincing	Mr. Bruce	Mrs. Tiffany	Miss Denham
Weasle	Mr. Paul	Tradesmen, Postboys, etc.	
Pas Trois, Highland Fling		Misses Fielding, Stella and Phillips	

The capital extravaganza of

THE SAVAGE AND THE MAIDEN.

Mr. Vincent Crummules, Manager of a country theatre, Mr. Burton
Mr. Lenville, the Tragedian ..... Mr. Brougham
Mr. Folair, the Savage ..... Mr. Walcot
Mr. Johnson ..... Mr. Barrett
Smike ..... Miss Orton
Mrs. Crummules ..... Mrs. Dunn
Mother Grudden ..... Mrs. Seymour
Miss Snevellicci ..... Miss White
Miss Ledbrook ..... Miss Denham
Miss Minetta Crummles, the Infant Phenomenon ..... Miss Phillips

To-morrow, favorite comedy and farce.

ON THURSDAY, MR. BROUGHAM'S BENEFIT,

when he will play (together, Also the farce of

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS,

with Messrs. Burton, Walcot and Brougham in the principal characters, and other entertainments.

Dress circle, 50c.; Upper circle, 25c.; Balcony and Secured Seats, 75c.; Orchestra Chairs, $1. Box-office open from 9 in the morning to 4 in the afternoon. Tickets also at the Theatrical Ticket Depot (Hall & Sons'), 239 Broadway.

BASEBALL.

THE PROFESSIONAL SEASON OF 1878.

Fourth Article.

The pitching of 1878 in the professional arena was exceptional in one respect—it was marked by a trial of skill in the curved-line delivery. The true art of pitching in baseball has not been reached yet. The pitcher *par excellence* has not yet been seen on the professional field, though the point of perfection has been approached at times. Creighton has never been excelled in his combination of speed and command of the ball, while Spalding still heads the list in strategic skill. Hannegan of the old Union nine of Morrisania was the exemplar of the old style of square pitching and a wild delivery. Martin, the best slow-pitcher ever known, was eminently a strategist. He simply used good headwork in a slow toss of the ball to the bat. Cummings, who was the first to exemplify the curved-line delivery, of late years has had a host of imitators, and during 1878 a pitcher without the "curve" was nowhere. Of course speed is the elementary power in a curved-line delivery, for without it you cannot produce the curve. The great difficulty in curve-pitching is to obtain the required command of the ball at the same time that you impart to it the rotary motion which produces the curved line. The pitcher who has the fastest delivery, and who, while giving the necessary rotary motion or "twist" to the ball to curve its line of delivery, can also command its direction, is the best pitcher necessarily. There are plenty of men who can throw in an underhand ball with the curved line, but there are few who can "place" the ball where they want to under such circumstances. A great many curve-line pitchers do not know how they curve the ball—they know that it does curve sometimes, and does not at others. When these try to pitch straight, they are apt to drop the curve; and when they do get the curve on, they don't pitch straight. Many pitchers who have gone into curved-line pitching hastily have lamed themselves so as to prevent their pitching a swift underhand ball at all. The reason is that they have overstrained previously unemployed muscles. It is like a man accustomed to ride downtown every morning starting out to walk fifty miles in a day. To get into curve-pitching one must practice it by degrees. First get the speed, then the twist, and then practice for command of the ball. Those who follow any other plan will almost invariably fail. There is an excellent field for telling strategic play in curved-pitching, if you have attained any special degree of skill in controlling the ball in delivery.

During 1878 strategic pitching was neglected by the majority of pitchers. They went in too strong for the curve, and thought of little else. There were altogether too much of the Nolan style, and too little of the Spalding, in 1878. There is another thing wanted to make curve-pitching successful, even when combined with strategic skill, and that is the best of support behind the bat. A pitcher may put on the curve and send them in straight over the base inning after inning, and yet have all his skill nullified by the want of effective catching behind the bat. A good pitcher loses half his strength unless he is backed up by a good catcher; and even then the two must become familiar with each other's play before the full effect of the pitching can be developed. Pitchers and catchers must be like trotting pairs; they must work well in harness together, or their full pace can never be brought out. Managers make a great mistake when, in selecting their teams, they go in for the best pitcher and catcher they can find without regard to their ability to play together as a team.

There is scarcely a toss-up in catching ability between Snyder and Allison, their average of play being very even, and yet Allison could not catch for Bond as Snyder has done; Bradley has never had a catcher to suit him as poor young Miller did, except Clapp, and he can't be got, since to equal the latter in giving him the right support. The difficulty in the case of Larkin in the Chicago nine—we do not refer to peculiar habits, but simply to pitching skill—was that he did not have the catching support necessary. The work of supporting a curved-line pitcher who has not a thorough command of the ball in delivery is what few catchers can stand. They need times to "lay off" for a few days or a week or two, and hence the necessity for first-class change catchers for curved-line pitchers of the irregular or majority class. Flint took the lead in 1878 in bearing punishment and standing up to heavy work. It is fearfully hard on a catcher to support an irregular curved-line pitcher. First balls to the left or right of him, then close to the ground, and then almost over his head. Aside from the hot work for the hands of stopping the pacers, the activity requisite to face such wide balls causes an exhaustive strain on a man's muscles. Allison found it very different work to stop Bond's wild delivery in 1875-6 to what he did Brainard's accurate pitching in 1869-70. Every curved-line pitcher who went through 1878 without straining the muscles of his right arm will do better in commanding the ball in 1879—that is, if he keeps up his practice during the Winter. But those who strained their arms at all had better stop further pitching.

The catching of 1878 was marked by two fatal accidents, causing the death of two players—one from being struck in the chest by the knee of a base-runner who was running in home, and the other from the blow of a very swiftly-pitched ball, which struck the catcher in the stomach. These were both exceptional occurrences. As a rule, however, under the swift pitching now in vogue serious injuries must undoubtedly occur unless catchers resort to the use of the protective catcher's mask, introduced by the player of the Harvard College Club. Among catchers who possessed more reckless pluck than moral courage an absurd prejudice existed last season against the use of these masks; but it is disappearing as fast as the public perceive the value and importance of them as protectors from severe blows in the face. One might as well laugh at fencers who use the wire masks to protect their faces in practice, as to ridicule a catcher for using his mask. They prevented many a black eye and broken nose as well as smashed teeth, last season.

This season, under the new rule of the complete fly game, catchers will have to stand up close to the bat more than they did in 1870, as all catches now must be made on the "fly." Foul-bound catches are done away with, as also foul-bound tip-catches. A great deal of activity was indulged in by first and third basemen and right and left fielders, as well as catchers, in trying to get hold of foul-bound balls last season, and some good fielding was done in this respect. What has been lost by the change in the rule, however, will no doubt be made up by some newly-developed play under the new rule. When the old fly rule was adopted, fourteen years ago, everyone predicted that it would spoil the game; but the improvement was marked in the first season's operation of the rule. A game on skates on the ice, in which the bound-catch of fair balls is legitimate, shows the old game up very well.

There is one thing worthy of note in regard to the pitching of 1878, and that is that under the scoring rules of the League no correct estimate of a pitcher's skill as a fielder can be arrived at. There are two absurd sections, one of which credits the pitcher with a fielding assistance when batsmen strike out, while the other charges him with a fielding error when batsman takes his base on called balls. The fielding record of a pitcher can only be fairly made up from the very same data which govern the fielding average of a base-player or outfielder. These are credited with put-outs only when they catch a man out or touch him when off bases; and they are credited with an assistance only when they throw a ball accurately to another fielder to put a runner out. They are also charged with errors only when they fail to catch or stop a ball, or throw wildly to other pitchers. Called balls may be the result of poor pitching or of strategy, while striking-out may just as readily result from poor batting as from the skillful delivery of the pitcher. It would be just as reasonable to credit the pitcher with an assist in the case of foul-ball catches, as for outs on strikes. Moreover, if it be an error to give a batsman a chance to take his base on three called balls, it is equally an error to give the umpire an opportunity to call one ball, and the pitcher is as rightfully chargeable with nine errors on three balls called as with one.

One more matter before closing, and that is in reference to the blunder of last season's estimate of a pitcher's skill in judging him by the base-hits scored against him. "Bond was knocked all over the field for twenty odd base-hits," says one report. "Larkin was fearfully punished, no less than ten base-hits being scored off his pitching in one inning," says another report. And so on throughout the season was this false estimate of a pitcher's ability in his position made. *There's but one true estimate of a pitcher's excellence in playing the position, and that is in the number of earned runs charged against him.*

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Jan. 6.

LADIES' LIST.

Anderson, Emma (with Berger Pa.)
Allyne, Kittie (of Cosmique, Ontario)
Aiken, Mrs. Julia
Beaumont, Stella
Bartholomew, Mrs. (late of New York.)
Bottsell, Louise
Burnett, Ella
Butworth, Viola
Bent, Belle
Clifton, Viola (2)
Cole, Clara
Carlewart, Minnie
Crayton, Gussie
Crabtree, Lotta
Carey, Eleanor
Drayton, Mr. Hen-ri
Dixon, Blanche
Dory, Mrs. Howard
Dockrill, Mrs. E.
DeKste, Helen 3c.
DeFerrest, Leona
Dollie Dimple
Daly, Lizzie
Etze tine Sisters
Farrell, Minnie
Freeman, Lizzie & Effie 5c.
Gray, Maggie
Gray, Mable
Hamilton, Dollie (of Miami, Children)
Hart, Annie (vocalist)
Jordan, Alecia (2)
Keenan, Mrs. Nelson
Kurtz, Mrs. Nellie Lynwood, Ada
Logan, Grace (of Philadelphia)
Wood's Museum
Lawton Sisters
Lewis, Anna (of Mer y Marmers Co.)
Lee, Mrs. Pauline (2)
Longee, Kittie
Leigh, Georgie (p.)
London, Miss (London, Eng.)
Lawton, Lu-lu
Morrisey, Mad. Cordelia
Morse, Mrs. Louisa
Maretta, Millie (gymnast) (2)
Marshall, Florence
Marshall, Phlo
Montrose, Kate
Norwood, May Ilie
Nelson, Sara (p. o. r., Lou'on, Ken.)
Parker, Susie (of Gd. Cent. Thea., Troy) (2)
Parker, Lizzie & Georgie
Putnam, Katie
Pascoe, Marie 3c
Pelmedi, Flora (care M. B. Leavitt)
Parker, Lizzie (of Parker Sisters)
Pendy, Mrs. J.
Rolyson, Erba
Robinson, Mrs. Harry
Richardson, Eileen
Rathbun, Mrs. (of J. Hart's Co.)
Raymond, Kate
Ransom, Alice
Rogers, Genevieve
Stanley, Clara
Slocum, Mrs. Chas.
Sandville, Tillie
Sherwood Sisters
Stanton, Mable (late of Shelby'ns Circus)
Strong, Argie (of Coliseums, Detroit)
Seymour, Miss I. (sketch-artist)
Snell, Mrs. T. R.
Vestvall, Marie
Vavasour, Louise (2)
Vincent, Helen (of Unknown Co.)
Vernon, Beatrice
Wentworth, Carrie
Whiting, Nellie (of R. Eytinge's Co.)
Watson, Bertha
Young, Miss
Zoe, Mlle. (late of Texas)
Zoula, Mlle (Corsican-Lady)

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Ayers, C. C.
Antony, Carl (artist)
Arnold, Chas. (of Queen City Co.)
Andre, E. A.
Abbott, J. W. (of Amy Stone's Co.) (2)
Allen, Harry
Aaron, Barney
Allen, H. (of Foy Sisters Co.)
Allen, J. (with Allen Sisters)
Aptommasa, Mr.
Austin, N. (of Coop-er & Bailey's Circus.
Arzamon, J. T.
Bernardo, —
Bailey, J. A.
Brasmer, Geo. R (3)
Berger, Fred
Bailey, J. (of Cooper & Bailey)
Barry, —
Burrows, J. (of Uncle Tom's Cab. Co.
Barsby, W. H.
Berman, S. (2)
Boniface, G. C.
Byron, O. D.
Barnes, Lucien
Baird, J. (of New Orl. Minst.)
Bertram, G. (of Rooney's Co.)
Bryan, —
Burke, J. M.
Burgess, Neil
Bowles, Frank
Brindin, J. (of Sprague & Minst.)
Barlow Bros.
Bell, Harry B.
Brown, J. (of Lofts-us' Co.)
Bliss, Francois R.
Bell, J. (of Cooper & Bailey's Circus)
Buckley, Joe L.
Baird, J. W.
Bingham, J. W
Banyes, R. G. (of Cosmopolitan Cir.)
Castello, G. S.
Chappelle, C. (2)
Cooper, J. (of Cooper & Bros.) (2)
Delhni, Tito
Carson, Jr., Kit
Cooper, Thos.
Crum, W. C.
Campbell, W. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Clarke, Mr. (of 5th Ave. Comb.)
Cummin, Billy 6c
Cooper, H. Bailey (2)
Cole, W. W.
Clarke, DeWitt
Casaln & Fritz
Chiarini, Sig. (of Chiarini's Circus)
Cecil, Prof. A. A.
Conway, W. (of Conway & Farrell
Caisse, Lem.
Carroll, Mr. (of Manlone & Carroll)
Cowell, Chas.
Cario, Geo.
Dunstan, R. (of R. Eytinge's Co.)
Dowling, J.
Dale, D. W. (circus "bis")
Dashington, Jerry
Dockrill, Morris (London Circus)
Deagle, G. (of Folly Theatre Co.)
Dando, John A.
Dailey, Bobby (variety "biz")
Doty, J. A.
Dunn, Geo. J.
Demott, J. (of Gt. Pacific Circus)
Evarts, H. (of Eng-lish Circus Co.)
Earle & Tobin
Emmet, Chas. E.
Francis & Wilson
Fithian, Archie
Fields, John F.
Foster & Hughes
Spence, Sid
Fiske, M. W.
Frankau, J. (of R. Eytinge's Co.)
Frost, Hiram
Franks, Harry C
Fielding H. (of Co mique, Cleveland)
Frost, Hyatt
Fields, F. (of Morris & Fields)
Franklin, Geo.
Fielding, C. H.
Gaston, Albert
Gilroy, Jas. (Dutch "biz")
Geyer, Frank
Goodyear, C. W.
Gibbons & Russell
Gardner, E. F.
Green, Jos. (of Rooney's Co.)
Greene, Jas.
Gaylord, J. (of Cooper & Bailey's Cir.
Goss, Jos.
Hugo, — (balancer)
Hutchinson, J. (of London Circus)
Howard, Rollin (2)
Hanlin, Paul
Hart, F. (manager of Chicago Troupe)
Harrison, Jos.
Hennessey, F. (of Hennessey Bros.)
Hall, Jas.
Holloway, Jas (circus "bis")
Howard, Charley
Hughes, Nick & Robinson, O. S.
Hanley, M. W.
Homer & Holly
Holbert, Mr. (of Milwaukee S. B. C.)
Heywood, Wm. (of Heywood Bros.)
Harriman, C. J.
Haynolds, G. C.
Raymond, J. 1.
Rice, J. H. (2)
Reynolds, Barney
Reid, J. (of Gibbons & Russell)
Reily, M. K.
Regan, Chas. (banjoist)
Ryan, T. J. (of Kelly & Ryan)
Rider, J. A. (of Wallack's Troupe)
Scott, Winnfield Hallie
Saturn, K.
Sullivan, J. (of Lotta's Co.)
Seville, J. (of J. T. Raymond's Co.)
Sullivan, Mr. (of Milwaukee B. B. C.)
Sheridan, Frank & Smith, W. A. T.
Sanford, S. S. 6c.
Stetson, E. T.
Shepherd, Fatsey
Stevens, J. Ogden
Stevens, J. A. (of Unknown Comb.)
Sears, Sam (of Mestrop Thea., Newark, N. J.)
Strobin, J.
Siralls, Chas.
Simon, L. (Agt. Blanche Meda)
Sanford, J. L.
Salsbury, C. (of Sals. Troubadors)
Stanhope, G. W.
Sarony & Waters
Sherman, W. H.
Searle, Cyril (2)
St. Claire, Otto
Searles, Thos. F.
Shanley, James
Steele, Geo. K.
Sperl, Frank (musician)
Sheffer, C. H.
Sullivan, — (of Sullivan & Williams)
Stuart, Ed. (of Sullivan, D. F.
Satsuma, L. K.
Swain, Sam
Townsend, C. W.
Turner, Ned
Toole, T. R.
Tripp, Chas. B.
Taylor, Capt.
Truesdell, E. P.
Trevitle, Walter
Van Amburgh's Circus, Manager
Wagner, Cal
Washburn, S. S.
Wilkes, Geo.
Williams & Edwards (2)
Wingfield, John
Wambold, Geo.
Walsh J. K. (musician)
Wood, A. F. (of Georgia Minst.)
Wallum, Harry
Watson, H. (of Watson & Ellis)
Wilson, Jas.
Wilcott, Frank
Williams & Sullivan
West, Wally
Wentworth, Harry
Ward, T. (of Ward & Barry)
Yeager, C. A.
Zaulig, Fred W.
Murphy & Morton
Melville, W. T.
Nutt, Rodnia
Nelson, J. Y.
Orrin Bros. (2)
Ormhondro, J. B.
O'Reardon, Prof. M.
Osborne, Harry (late of Pastor's Th.)
Owen, Wm (p. o. m. Liverpo l, Eng.)
Prosho, Thos.
Puck, Komeeker
Pearl, C. C.
Pullman Bros.
Piaff, Henry
Peasley, Henry
Parker, Geo. (of Lowe's Op. Ho., Providence)
Queen, Chas. (of New Nat. Thea., Hartford)
Rumley, J. J.
Reynolds, W. B.
Robinson, O. S.
Rice, Master Raymond & Murphy
Rambolt, Capt. Joe (6)
Rivers, Eddie
Rose, B. F.
Reynolds, G. C.
Raymond, J. 1.
Rice, J. H. (2)
Reynolds, Barney
Reid, J. (of Gibbons & Russell)
Reily, M. K.
Regan, Chas. (banjoist)
Ryan, T. J. (of Kelly & Ryan)
Rider, J. A. (of Wallack's Troupe)
Scott, Winnfield Hallie
Saturn, K.
Sullivan, J. (of Lotta's Co.)
Seville, J. (of J. T. Raymond's Co.)
Sullivan, Mr. (of Milwaukee B. B. C.)
Sheridan, Frank & Smith, W. A. T.
Sanford, S. S. 6c.
Stetson, E. T.
Shepherd, Fatsey
Stevens, J. Ogden
Stevens, J. A. (of Unknown Comb.)
Sears, Sam (of Mestrop Thea., Newark, N. J.)
Strobin, J.
Siralls, Chas.
Simon, L. (Agt. Blanche Meda)
Sanford, J. L.
Salsbury, C. (of Sals. Troubadors)
Stanhope, G. W.
Sarony & Waters
Sherman, W. H.
Searle, Cyril (2)
St. Claire, Otto
Searles, Thos. F.
Shanley, James
Steele, Geo. K.
Sperl, Frank (musician)
Sheffer, C. H.
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Stuart, Ed. (of Sullivan, D. F.
Satsuma, L. K.
Swain, Sam
Townsend, C. W.
Turner, Ned
Toole, T. R.
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Taylor, Capt.
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Van Amburgh's Circus, Manager
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Williams & Edwards (2)
Wingfield, John
Wambold, Geo.
Walsh J. K. (musician)
Wood, A. F. (of Georgia Minst.)
Wallum, Harry
Watson, H. (of Watson & Ellis)
Wilson, Jas.
Wilcott, Frank
Williams & Sullivan
West, Wally
Wentworth, Harry
Ward, T. (of Ward & Barry)
Yeager, C. A.
Zaulig, Fred W.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Jan. 6, 1879.

Don't forget that we have nothing further to do with the year 1878, which has "gone from our gaze like an unbeautiful dream," as to which old departure you are no doubt already fully acquainted. Another thing we ought to remind you of is to date your love-letters and other business correspondence correctly—hereafter include a nine-spot in your four-in-hand, which will make it seven-by-nine, instead of seven-by-eight, as returned by the investigating board when President Hayes was awarded the deal in 1877, when a new deck was called for. We are aware that many of you will ignore this advice, and continue to date your correspondence just as you have been doing during the entire year; but in cautioning you we have done our duty, and there an end. If you mean to prove an alibi for some offense committed in 1879 by producing this year's letters dated 1878, that is your own look-out, and you will be duly punished in the consciousness that you have done a great public wrong, and that you are a low and unmistakable guilty, notwithstanding your alleged alibi. Having said this much, we wash our hands of all complicity in, or connivance with, or knowledge of any and all offenses of which you may be guilty.....Theatricals didn't profit much by the holidays. Christmas was bad enough, but New-Year's Day was worse. What with hanging up stockings, buying dollar-jewelry, laying in a plentiful supply of liar-jewelry, taking a plentiful supply of liar-mixtures, and going a-skating and a-sledding, the people's money was nearly all gone before the theatres got a pull at it, and so the old year died. Managers' incomes were not greatly enhanced by the coming-in of a new year; and when one of them threatened to fire us out when reminded of that little bill, etc., we could not, in justice to that man's feelings, complain of his ungentlemanly conduct towards us. "Put yourself in his place," and what would you have done? *Nous verrons*.....When day broke on New Year's morning it found quite a large number of our merchants and traders following in a similar fractured condition. Those of us who glory in being bloated bondholders and rolling in wealth gathered together the seven or eight dollars' worth of bills remaining of our assets, determined to have them ready for the morrow, when we could *demand gold for them!* without fear of being ridiculed for our grasping disposition. Then, bright as a gold dollar fresh from the mint, we emerged. "Our Jim" came up smiling for the first round," and certainly the boy looked fresh enough to eat for a man's life. He was arrayed in a beautiful striped suit, not unlike that worn by his friend Piggy Hannon, now doing the State some service in the Sing Sing conservatory up the river. Attired in a plug-hat, tolled shirt, Piccadilly collar, white cravat, patent-leather gaiters, one-eye glass, garnet-colored gloves and a gold-headed cane, the Jim boy was a sight to behold. His programme was the longest of the season, and the various specialties he had arranged for the day were simply immense. He had evidently laid himself out for a slashing time; but alas! "the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," although Jimmy declared off with the gang for one day only. This seems to have given offense to the young fellows, and so they put up a job on him. Enticing him by inviting him to take a thimbleful with the boys before going out for the day, they led him o'er slippery places until Oak street was reached, at the corner of which they had cunningly devised a pool of muddy water, nicely aidden by Christmas greens, and so walked to unconscious of evil, the ill-fated lad walked to his doom like a hungry tramp to the soup-house. Let us calmly survey the scene for a moment. Place, Fourth Ward; time, twelve o'clock noon; the Jim boy, arrayed in a garb that would have made Solomon in all his grandeur die of sheer envy, moved along with well-measured step and a smile of benevolence that would have paralyzed Brother Bergh of the horse-marines; the gang, with bated breath and gargle-eyed evidences of contemporaneous human interest crowding around and about him like couriers in the train of a reigning monarch. It was at this unforescen moment that a chum inconsiderately, as was thought, raised the cry of "*Police!*" Jim, true to his instincts, bounded off like a pretty gazelle; but, alas! he trod upon treacherous ground, and the Christmas-greens left him into the clutch of the despond like he was a deadhead in a funeral procession. *He was up to his middle joint in mud!* and a more lamentable spectacle you never saw. A shout went up from the gang that would have covered with glory the staunch warriors of Richard Third. Tableau. For this reason the boy was unable to make his usual calls, and his lady friends were thereby deprived of that sweet enjoyment they had promised themselves when Jimmy should make his accustomed visits.....The fiend who called upon Pearl Eytinge, in advance of the season, and robbed her of various articles of wearing apparel and precious gems, ought to be in prison to-day, instead of being at large and boasting of robbing an actress. If this burglar and midnight-robber is a gentleman, he will at once return to Miss Eytinge her pearls of great price.....In making our calls on New-Year's Day we left our mark in nearly every lady's album, and the joy and happiness we carried into every household must have been very gratifying to the heads of the families. Here is a neat little bit we left with the party who "Struck Oil" some time ago and thereby made great fame:

MAGGIE AND JIMMY.
Of all the late dramatic works
We've something had to say;
We've had a play on every word,
A word on every play;
But, reader, "Foulks" pun-defying,
So your excuse us, please, from trying.

.....With great grief we learn that Brothers Flake & Harkins of the Fifth-avenue Theatre have gone wrong at the very outset of the New Year. Brother Harkins blames it all on Brother Flake, while the latter credits the former with beginning the trouble. This is very dreadful indeed, and we intended to offer ourselves as mediator; but Judge Donohue got the scent first, and started Brother Bedford on a Gunning excursion as a retriever, and one thing or another. All this goes to show that a good actor is not necessarily a good manager. It must make Brother Joseph Jefferson feel very miserable to know that this discord among his managers should break out while he is fulfilling an engagement.....Wallack's new play doesn't seem to set the house in such a roar as had been looked for, and "At Last" business is not much better than at first.....They had a Fox-chase in Philadelphia last week, and when we heard from the hunt the cunning Reynard was leading the hunters a Fox and geese chase. [The myrmidons of the law will please to understand that we do not mean the geese to refer to them.] Miller, the bass-violin player, who went bail for Robert, has joined the hunt, and now, in addition to the game referred to, we have the roaring farce of "The Miller and His Men."".....It was a regular freeze-out at some of our theatres when that second cold wave struck us on the second day of the New Year. At such a time "there's no place like home," provided there are coal in the cellar and victuals in the kitchen. The army of the unemployed did not "feel that stern joy a warrior feels" when the mercury went down out of sight; nor did the thinly-clad dancers at our several places of amusement where the ballet is in the ascendant find much enjoyment while circling in the mazy on the light fantastic. And the third day and night were like unto it, only more so. Many a thermometer had to be lengthened out in order that registration might go on. "It *was* a nipping and an eager air," sure enough.....Talking about airs and things, Brother Mapleson's bluff game with the directors of the Philadelphia Academy of Music, and the public, will be found obliged to throw up his hand, call for a fresh deal, and concede to the stockholders the right to occupy their seats during operatic performances. Thus did the wily operatic strategist nip another cold and eager air.....And this allusion to music and the drama recalls to mind an incident to which we were an eye-and-ear witness:

Scene—Palmetto Theatre, Christmas Night—MANAGER STAR—Sir, your musicians are all drunk.

AFFABLE MANAGER—All right, my boy; contract calls for a *"full" orchestra!*

.....Another Ajax has just turned up in Boston, where John Stetson is to undertake the feat of carrying the *Globe* upon his shoulders. [This is not our own terrestrial sphere, but the Globe Theatre, Boston. See now?—ED.].....That is something like Christian charity and unselfish fellowship, as we might say. The proprietor of the "Cooper House," out in Hopkinsville, Ky., on the night of Dec. 28, Old Year, purchased thirty-five tickets, and took all his boarders to see "Our Boarding house." It was a hazardous thing to do; but Mr. Cooper had been there before, and he knew that *his* boarding-house would not suffer in comparison with "Our Boarding-house." But it won't be *every* landlord to go such a generous entertainment.....Since ascertaining that ex-Judge Bedford has been appointed receiver of the Fifth-avenue Theatre, we have been wondering whether he will be kept very busy in his new position.....Small boys will have to give the bear a wide berth hereafter, if they would, to use seafaring language, preserve the number of their mess. The lad who was hugged to death in Brooklyn the days ago will never take part in a bed-quilt again, for the bear looked upon him as bare bait only, and crushed him like he was a five-cent fishball. The tragedy ended in the death of the bear and the burial of the small boy. *Postscript.*—This was not a menagerie or circus bear, and therefore is not amenable to the laws of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.....It seems a bad year for small boys. While playing "Snap the Whip" in Danville, Pa., recently, a little girl was snapped against an old board-fence, and the silver cord was snapped in twain. It killed her.

SEASONABLE LINES.
Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
And bears to growl and fight;
Let boys beware the wrestling bear,
And girls shun "Snap the Whip!"

.....It was very proper for Charles *Sed-y* to perform in the Aquarium last week. Equally proper was it for the Thoroughbred Kentucky Horses to show up in their stage performances in connection with one's *os car*. [Oscar is the name of their instructor, and, as there is only one of him, he becomes, for our purpose, *one 'os car!*—ED.].....One more unfortunate. Kate Claxton, whose name has recently appeared as manager of the Lyceum, stepped down and out last Saturday night. She had dropped alleged management, in "Orphans," in whose behalf she has gone through fire and water, is her strong hold.....At Niblo's Garden, last week, thousands of people got a peep o' nights at "Peep o' Day." ("Peep o' Day" is the name of a very interesting play there and then presented. It was "written and composed" by a well-known sporting character; otherwise by Dion Boucicault.—ED.].....More unpleasantness rupture took place recently between Miss Minnie Cummings and some of her employes, in which all parties concerned, according to the published correspondence, were right. The emeute, which had reference to the lady's Drawing-room Theatre, has had a tendency to make an *un*-drawing room of it.....At the Park Theatre Manager Colville is *bare*-ing the market, and now advertises "children at half-price." One might think Brother Colville had gone into the nursery business. Yes?......"Our Jim" is not himself at all, this week. Ever since he was knocked down in Dakota, already referred to, the boy seems to be a trifle *non compos*. On Saturday last, while standing in front of the Theatre Comique, and giving careful perusal to the posters announcing "Christmas Joys and Sorrows," the sad-eyed youth, suddenly taking it all in, exclaimed: "Christmas Jams and Sauces—I'll go!".....It is *not* true that Manager Maplenon has secured all the best physicians in the city to accompany the opera troupe on their travels. Their presence is not really necessary—prima-donnas and prima-tenors may be saved without them; certificates will answer just as well.....On New-Year's Day, when we made a call on Brother B. Macauley at the Broadway Theatre, on the spur of the moment, and quick as thought, we gave utterance to the following couplet, which elicited thunders of applause and shouts of laughter:

"UNCLE DANIEL"
The press laud Macauley, his acting and dress,
While his drama is what one Macaulay sucees.

.....In the corps to which Brother Hirschoch introduces us this week is one Signor Pantaleoni. We merely desire to explain to those who may know no better that the piece in which he is to appear is not a pantomime, nor must the signor be taken for a comic Pantaloon, such as we see in spectacles during the holiday season.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

The cold frosts of the past few days ar not to be despised. It is to be feared that they will cause many a traveling company to adjourn *sine die*.....Debt has no terror for Utica, N. Y. It has been proposed there to bond the city in order to convert the City Hall into an opera-house.....A number of persons in Boston, including the Rev. W. H. H. Murray, the Rev. S. K. Lothrop, the Rev. C. A. Bartol and the Rev. W. W. Newton, have tendered a complimentary benefit to Joseph Proctor as a proof of their appreciation of his "noble efforts and self-sacrifice in behalf of a pure and elevated stage, as evidenced by the production of the beautiful biblical drama 'Saul, or Scenes in the Life of a Warrior.'".....'Fair Rosamond' at the Union-league Theatre, this city, last week, for the benefit of the Harvard Boat Club, attracted a fair attendance. The performance was one of much spirit and great merriment.....Col. S. M. Hess, who for a number of years was president of the Concordia Society of Baltimore, Md., died there on Jan. 2, of apoplexy. He came to this country in early boyhood, having been born in Hesse Cassel, Germany. After a brief residence in the West, he settled in Baltimore, and there became a prominent merchant.....After having had several comrades, Augustin Daly has withdrawn his version of "Lemons" from the Criterion Theatre, London. His project now is to bring it out at the Folly about the middle of the current month.....A dramatic entertainment was given on Crisfield, Md., on Jan. 3, with the view of raising funds to free the Crisfield Academy from debt. The attendance was large, and the receipts were gratifying.....On New-Year's night, Frank Buchman of the Globeum, Cincinnati, presented Al Thayer with a silver cup as a nine-pitcher.....While Pearl Eytinge was a spectator at Wallack's Theatre, on the night of Dec. 30, the new play of "At Last" was not required for her room in Thirteenth street was despoiled of jewels to the estimated value of $200. Among her losses was a watch the lady values highly because of its being a gift, and because, in place of the usual numerals, the twelve letters of her name indicate the hours. Miss Eytinge's thoughtful care of the poor this Winter deserved a better reward than this. The death is announced at Frankfort-on-the-Main of the dramatic author and novelist Karl Gutzkow. He was born in 1811, in Berlin. In 1847 he settled in Dresden, where for a short time he wrote for the Court Theatre. In 1869, after wandering from one place to another, he went to Berlin. 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She will lecture for a couple of months, probably, and play about March next.....Miss Fanny Davenport has abandoned all idea of visiting Australia. Next spring she may play in London, Eng.....Miss Hesekiah, a pupil of Herr Lichtenstein in Edinburgh, and afterwards a student at the Leipzig Conservatoire, made her appearance at the seventh of the Gewandhaus concerts, Leipzig, and scored a triumph in Chopin's pianoforte concerto in E minor and in the larghetto from Herr Hemmel's concerto in the same key.....Dion Boucicault and Fred Fenn have both been the alleged failures in London, but, as was "A Celebrated Case" ("Frou"), these plays of French origin will be kept on the stage in vindication of French prestige, and forced into at least a moderate "run."....Mrs. Charles Coghlan and her daughter arrived here on the 5th inst. in the steamer Abyssinia.....George W. Childs of Philadelphia has sent Miss Kate Field's £25 for her Shah-square Memorial Fund.....Henry L. Shelly, aged twenty-one, and a clerist, stabbed himself on the night of Jan. 4, because of unappreciated love. He is in Bellevue Hospital, and will probably die.....The Rev. John Quincy Adams, who for a couple of seasons was in the habit of the Oxford Troupe at Niblo's Garden, and was as graceful a high-kicker as the highest kicker there, preached on Sunday night last in Berean Baptist Church, Bedford and Dean streets, this city. The failure of a "legit" dramatic show he and his brother ventured into placing before the public of Hartford, Ct., when he himself was but nineteen years old, rendered him susceptible to religion. His brother called him a "fool for his pains," while Festus!" was the reply; and John Quincy Adams has not spouted since, nor kicked high.....Mme. Essipoff has been piano-playing in Zurich, Switzerland.....Mme. Albani, the prima donna, has left Moscow for "London." The knowledge of the death of her husband's father, Frederick Gye, had been kept from her.....Mlle. Engally, a Russian, has been favorably received at the Paris Conservatoire, as the pupil in addition to Mme. Pierre Eugene Schoeffer, nephew of Mme. Erard, died on Dec. 13 at Passy.....He was in his thirty-ninth year, and was the director of Mme Erard's Paris pianoforte manufactory.....Bell's operetta, called "Drolt de Seigneur" has been brought out at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, formerly the Beaumarchais Theatre. It is based upon the legendary feudal marriage custom treated of in "The Marriage of Figaro."....Bernard's "The Silver Shower," a three-act opera, has been successful in Boulogne.....August Greiff, proprietor of Greiff's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., was arrested on Jan. 8 upon the charge of obtaining goods under false pretenses. The complaining witnesses are Lewis Fox & Co., from whom he purchased liquors. He was bound over in the sum of $200.....At McVicker's, Chicago, on Jan. 2, Miss Clancy took the place of Catherine Lewis as Serpolette in "The Belle of Cornerville," and on the succeeding night Miss Amy Gordon was to have succeeded Miss Clancy. Duties at the domestic hearth will cause Miss Lewis to remain away from the lyric stage for a few weeks.....Mr. John J. Heman, music-teacher in Philadelphia, died there on Jan. 1.....Baron Weber, son of the famous composer, and who was formally an Austrian Counselor, and is now attached to the Prussian Ministry of Commerce, having been sent to England to gain information respecting the development and state of the canals and waterways in the United Kingdom, has prepared a report which is said to be the most exhaustive work on the subject yet written.....After a long absence from this city, Mrs. Scott Siddons reappeared here on the night of Jan. 3, giving readings at Chickering Hall.....Bill Terry, of "Terry's Tribune," would be the case, was released from the Erie County, N. Y., jail on Dec. 30.....Miss Jenny Mitchell died on Thursday, Jan. 2 in a theatrical boarding-house on West Fourth street, near Broadway, as we have been specially advised; and we are furthermore informed that her remains, followed by her mother and the proprietress of the place in which she breathed her last, were on the 4th taken to Greenwood, and there placed in a vault. About a month ago she conceived the idea of going upon the stage in this city, and with the view of making preliminary arrangements she organized a company of burlesque artists for a tour, which was disastrous at the outset, and she returned, somewhat discouraged, to the metropolis. Her purse was nearly empty, but about two weeks ago fell sick, and was, as we learn, taken to the house where she died. Heart-disease was her trouble, and to mitigate its pains she resorted to chloroform, which on prior occasions had relieved her life. Its fatal effect was a pseudonym. Her maiden name was Jennie Mercee, and her married name, as we are informed, was Elliott. She had considerable money at her death, as well as valuable personal property, and the morning daily papers have stated that she died in West Thirty-first street on Sunday, Jan. 5, and would be buried on Jan. 7, while others state that she died on the 4th inst. There are clearly a series of mistakes, and we incline to accept our informant's statement as accurate.

CITY SUMMARY.

DISSENSION has arisen between Managers Fiske & Harkins of the Fifth-avenue Theatre, and during the past week D. H. Harkins, by his attorney, applied to one of the Judges of the Supreme Court asking for an injunction and the appointment of a receiver. In his complaint Mr. Harkins made numerous charges against Mr. Fiske, which Mr. Fiske, in his affidavit presented to the Court, denied. Mr. Fiske also made counter-charges against Mr. Harkins, and requested the Court to refuse the injunction, but to appoint a receiver, for which he claims to be quite as anxious as Mr. Harkins. At the final hearing, Jan. 2, Judge Donohoe denied the injunction and granted a motion appointing Judge Orlando Bedford, S. Bedford, who at once entered upon his duties, receiving all moneys and placing his own doorkeepers in charge of the various entrances. The matter is now before the Court, and further developments will be made in legal form. On Jan. 4 notices were served upon D. H. Harkins, Stephen Fiske and Receiver Bedford in a suit brought by the Gilsey Brothers to recover the sum of $1,000 from the Fifth-avenue Theatre, for non-payment of rent. The case came up for trial in the Fourth District Court Jan. 6, when the attorney for the Gilseys stated that he wished to withdraw the proceedings, and, that motion being assented to, the case was dismissed. In the afternoon the receiver, ex-Judge Gunning S. Bedford, as a Supreme Court official, commenced proceedings before Judge Donohue, charging the City Marshals with contempt of him in attempting to dispossess him, while acting on behalf of the above-named court. Upon the counsel of the Gilsey Brothers stating to the Court that the dispossess proceedings had been withdrawn, the counsel for the receiver consented to a withdrawal of the proceedings in contempt.

MINNIE CUMMINGS, who has met with many obstacles in her attempt to establish a theatre in Fifth-avenue Hall, in Twenty-fourth street, did not open that theatre Dec. 30, as announced. It was subsequently advertised that the French Opera-bouffe Company would begin a season Jan. 4, instead of 1, as previously announced. It appears that Herrmann the magician some time ago leased the hall from Mr. Eno, the owner, and that Miss Cummings became a sub-lessee. Herrmann claims that Miss Cummings was served with a notice Jan. 2, a similar notice being served upon Mr. Herrmann through his agent. Miss Cummings has filed a counter-statement, and the affair is now in the hands of the Union-league Committee of Arbitration, who for a number of years was president of the Concordia Society of Baltimore, Md., died there on Jan. 2, of apoplexy. He came to this country in early boyhood, having been born in Hesse Cassel, Germany. 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DION BOUCIC

AT THE LELAND OPERA-HOUSE, Albany, N. Y., the past week, the stock company acted "The Enchantress," with the exception of Friday evening, the occasion of E. Fulton Russell's benefit, to fair business. It was nicely put on the stage, the scenery throughout being new and effective. Friday evening the bill consisted of an act of "School," with the beneficiary as Jack Poynts; an act of "The Shaughraun," with W. H. Thompson of the stock as Conn—an excellent personation—and "Katharine and Petruchio," with Mr. Russell and Miss Rehan in the principal parts. The attendance was good. Jan. 6 Mrs. D. P. Bowers and J. C. McCollom.....Rollin Howard's Burlesque Company appeared in Martin Hall 4, 5, to fair business. "Yeast Lynne" was given 4 and "Minerva" 5. Amusing farce entitled "The Picnic" preceded the burlesque each evening. Mr. Howard is clever and quite amusing, and the support by Ned Oliver, Mabel Stanley, Wood Benson and others was pleasing. The party give a sacred concert in the same hall 5. They are billed in Waterford 6, Cohoes 7.

JESSE JOSEPH writes to THE CLIPPER that there is no truth in the report that he has been in negotiation with a well-known Boston variety manager to lease him the Theatre Royal, Montreal, P. Q. That theatre is to let to first-class combinations only.

AT THE PROVIDENCE (R. I.) OPERA-HOUSE Robson and Crane appeared Dec. 30, 31, Jan. 1, in "Our Bachelors," to good houses.....The Paulding Combination occupied the boards for the remainder of the week to rather poor business. The Boston Theatre Company will play "Two Mothers" and "Slasher and Crasher" during the whole of the coming week.....Low's Opera-house remained closed all last week.

MARY ANDERSON, supported by John Norton and a company, opened Dec. 30 in the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre to a crowded auditorium. The pieces acted during the week were "Evadne," "Fazio," 'Lady of Lyons," "Romeo and Juliet," "Hunchback" and "Ingomar." The support by the company was not in all respects satisfactory. The lady opens in St. Louis Jan. 6 for one week, thence to Louisville and Cincinnati. The Joseph Murphy Combination opens here 6 for one week.

BUFFALO BILL and troupe played in Erie, Pa., Jan. 1, Buffalo, N. Y., 2, 3, 4, and are billed in Lockport 6, Medina 7, Brockport 8, Rochester 9, Oswego 10, Watertown 11, Syracuse 13, Ilion 14, Albany 15.

GOTTHOLD & RIAL'S "Uncle Tom" Combination is billed in Washington, Pa., Jan. 6, Wheeling, W. Va., 7, 8, 9.

OUR BOSTON LETTER, dated Jan. 5, is as appended: "Denman Thompson repeated his character sketch of 'Joshua Whitcomb' at the Gaiety Theatre throughout the past week to crowded audiences, and is to continue the impersonation until 20, on which date Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight and combination open in 'Otto.' During the coming week a party from Swanzey and Keene, N. H., the locality of the action of the drama of 'Joshua Whitcomb,' will visit the Gaiety. Miss Troubadours will not appear at any other house, as has been intimated, but commence a re-engagement here Feb. 10.....'H. M. S. Pinafore' and 'Trial by Jury' are drawing largely at the Boston Museum, and will be presented another week, Jan. 6 being set apart for the benefit of the musical-conductor, John J. Braham, to whose efforts is due much of the success attained by the theatre in these days. The Temple benefits 11, 'A Cup of Tea' being added to the present bill. Lawrence Barrett begins an engagement 20, on which date 'H. M. S. Pinafore' will amuse theatre-goers of suburban cities, as follows: Salem, Mass., 20, Lawrence 21, Haverhill 22, Lowell, 23; Providence, R. I., 24, 25, New Bedford, Mass., 27, Fall River 28, Worcester 29, Springfield 30, Hartford, Ct., 31, New Haven Feb. 1, afternoon and evening; Lynn, Mass., 3. 'Le Petit Duc' is in rehearsal, and will be heard at the conclusion of Mr. Barrett's engagement, Feb. 10.....'The Danites' has been continued at the Howard Athenæum to large houses. It will be transferred to Philadelphia 6....Joseph Proctor concluded his dramatic season in the Music Hall 4, Saul, or the Witch of Ender,' constituting the attraction to an immense house. Saturday night the prices of admission having been reduced fifty per cent. The Handel and Haydn Society were present in a body Dec. 30 by invitation of Mr. Proctor, and Jan. 3, for that gentleman's benefit, the Independent Boston Fusileers, Captain H. A. Snow, attended out of compliment to Mr. Proctor, who is a veteran member of the organization.....The Saturday evening dramatic performance at the Boston Theatre 4 comprised 'The Merchant of Venice,' with Louis James as Shylock, and 'Katharine and Petruchio,' introducing Mrs. Thomas Barry and Harry Edwards in the title characters. The character of Shylock was not conventionally acted by Mr. James, he giving a natural and consistent rendering, full of vitality and malignity, which compared more than favorably with that of many of our stars. 13, annual engagement of John McCullough and production in spectacular form of 'Pizarro.' E. J. Buckley has been specially engaged for Alonzo, and George R. Titus and chorus for the vocal music .... The long agony is over, and, as was predicted from the first, the management of the Globe Theatre for the next six months is vested in John Stetson, the former manager of the Howard Athenæum, until 1881 in control of this theatre, at a rental, it is stated, of $20,000 per year. Mr. Stetson has gathered about him many of his former at- Martin Drake presiding at the box- assisted by Louis A. Zwisler; business- r, William H. Whitenect; chief-usher, R. B. McConnell; machinist, John D. Lundy; scenic-artist, David Richards; gas-engineer, Wm. Dixon; property-man, Wm. O'Brien. The opening is to take place 6, when 'Evangeline' will be produced by the same coterie of artists who have made the tour of the country under Mr. Stetson's management. Novelty will reign at this establishment, and many stars and combinations who have given this city the go-by will now find an opening.....Prast united Grand Master Frank Girard presented Boston Lodge of Elks, No. 10, with their charter Dec. 29, and on the same evening the following officers for the coming year were installed: Dr. G. Howard Jones, E. R.; C. K. McKenzie, E. L. K.; James H. Jones, E. L. K.; John H. Dee, E. L. K.; J. Frank Davidson, S.; J. M. Ford, T.; A. J. Leavitt, Ty.; W. J. Comley, C.; John J. Braham, O.; G. W. Floyd, J. G.; A. Perry, D. Foster Furbush and Fred P. Goullaud, trustees. The lodge, which was organized by Frank Girard May 25 last, now has a membership of over one hundred, and has already done good work in relieving cases of sickness and distress; and to further the benevolent objects of the society a grand benefit will take place at the Boston Theatre afternoon of 23. Mr. Girard was tendered a complimentary banquet at the Parker House Dec. 29 by about thirty members and officers.....Barney Macauley's engagement, which was to have commenced at the Howard Athenæum 13, is off.....Dauncey Maskell is visiting Boston friends.....R. J. Dillon will be added to the company at the Boston Museum during the engagement of Lawrence Barrett.....Mrs. M. A. Pennoyer of the Boston Theatre Company has been quite sick.....The Trouba dours company is in Lynn, Mass., 8 'Le Petit Duc' is in rehearsal, and will be heard at the conclusion of Mr. Barrett's engagement, Feb. 10.....'The Danites' has been continued at the Howard Athenæum to large houses. It will be transferred to Philadelphia 6....Joseph Proctor concluded his dramatic season in the Music Hall 4, Saul, or the Witch of Ender,' constituting the attraction to an immense house. Saturday night the prices of admission having been reduced fifty per cent. 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RATES.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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JANUARY 9,

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"The Pathfinders" are drawing large audiences at the Metropolitan to witness them in their new protean and musical creation of "Scraps." A more mirthful piece of nonsense, combined with much that is highly entertaining, could scarcely be imagined. It is fully the equal of anything in the line of travesty ever placed upon the stage. It should not be called a travesty, either—it is a bizarre combination, replete with excellent songs, witty sayings, perfect impersonations, comedy, burlesque, tragedy, pantomime and dancing. It is nondescript, and, to use a well-worn phrase, must be seen to be appreciated. The characters are assumed by performers who are well known in the theatrical world, and all of whom are almost faultless in their parts. Miss Mattie Vickers, who was with the Tony Pastor Combination last season, is with this company, which fact of itself will assure those who have seen her that the play is full of mirth. Her character of May Blossom and her imitations of Mlle. Aimee and Kate Claxton are truly wonderful. She possesses a charming stage presence, and is an artist in every sense of the word. The life which she introduces into the characters makes her a favorite. Miss Marie Jasper, who assumes characters of a different type, is equally popular, and her excellent songs and character impersonations called forth many encores, which she well merited. Mr. Charles S. Rogers' character acting is superb, imitating Jefferson, Booth and Wallack to the life. Mr. J. N. Rentfrow is a capital Ethiopian comedian, keeping the audience in a constant roar of laughter. The others did equally well, and contributed their share to the success of the performance. The Milton Jaspers, what need to praise them? Their fame is too great to require any further tribute than to say they are among the greatest gymnasts of the world. The show throughout is well worthy the patronage of the public, and crowded houses are the order of the week.—INDIANAPOLIS DAILY SENTINEL.

Opera-house, Louisville, Ky., Jan. 6, one week; Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Brooklyn to follow.
All BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS should be addressed to

J. N. RENTFROW,
43-1t* MANAGER OF THE PATHFINDERS.

A GREAT HIT AND GREAT SUCCESS
OF THE ORIGINAL
MILANESE MINSTREL,

CHARLES DIAMOND

THE ELEGANT AND REFINED SONG-AND-DANCE HARPIST,

NOW PERFORMING WITH TONY DENIER'S "HUMPTY DUMPTY" TROUPE AND STANDARD COMPANY.

VIDE OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

Charley Diamond did a remarkably fine song-and-dance, accompanying himself on the harp, which was loudly encored, at the New Chicago Theatre last evening. He made his first appearance in white face, and did some very clever imitations of Pat Rooney. They were as near perfection as could be, and kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter.—CHICAGO EVENING JOURNAL.

One of the very best things of the entire show was Mr. Charles Diamond, the Milanese Minstrel, with his combined terpsichorean, vocal, and harp melodies. This was entirely new, and is immense. Mr. Diamond dances well and plays elegantly, the music from his harp sounding like the ripples of a brook in its sweetness.—NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE.

The olio portion of the entertainment was very interesting. Chas. Diamond the song-and-dance harpist does a clever act, and his harp-solo with orchestral accompaniment was a genuinely artistic performance. He well merited the hearty applause it received.—ST. LOUIS SPIRIT.

Charles Diamond the song-and-dance artist, who dances and sings to his own accompaniment, played upon the harp, has made the "hit" of the party. He has a sweet voice, dances gracefully, and his harp-playing exhibits a delicacy of touch and a knowledge of harmony seldom heard on a variety stage.—CHICAGO DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Mr.